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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CRITICAL COMMENT

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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RUSSIAN ARMY "COMES BACK"

THAT Russia has "come back" with a vengeance is the natural conclusion of all who are following the war news from the eastern front where the activities of the Russian army on the Galician border, since the famous spring drive began, have been productive of continual successes, resulting in the capture of upward of one hundred and twenty-two thousand prisoners and quantities of heavy guns and munitions. It seems hardly possible that only a year ago the Germans under Field Marshal Hindenburg inflicted on the Russians what was heralded as an overwhelming defeat, costing them Poland, Courland, more than a million men, quantities of stores and practically all their advanced fortified defenses clear to the Rumanian frontier. But at the time the public was informed that, although beaten, the Russian army was not crushed; that the loss of Poland could be borne with equanimity so long as the masterly retreat of Grand Duke Nicholas had preserved to their country the soldiers of the Czar. Evidently, the encomiums bestowed on the grand duke for his strategy were well merited. The heavy guns whose absence he so deplored are not lacking in the operations of the reorganized army, for the Russian successes are said to be largely due to the skillful and unprecedented use of artillery, surpassing in intensity any previous efforts on either side on the east front. With the recapture of Lutsk, the apex of a triangle of fortresses in Volhynia, a new invasion of Galicia from the north is threatened. Kovel is the next objective and should that fortress fall, all five Austrian armies will be compelled to fall back in an effort to save Lemberg, which, with the abandonment of the Volhynian fortresses, will be seriously menaced. This extraordinary reversal of conditions, following so soon after the great German campaign on the east front, is without precedent in history, and Russia alone, with her unlimited numbers of soldiers, could have done what is now being witnessed. What will it avail Germany if Verdun falls only to find the Austro-Hungary army in retreat and in danger of annihilation? Will she again go to the rescue of her ally? And what if the Russian army is temporarily embarrassed, so that it withdraws? It is simply a question of time when it returns more tenacious, more insistent, more terrible in its strength of numbers than ever before. Truly, Germany has prodigious problems before her that might well cause the stoutest nation to quail.

DEATH AND TRANSFIGURATION

IT is not often that one encounters false philosophy of life in the plays of Shakespeare. Perhaps, however, it was in a bitter spirit that he intended Marc Antony to be conceived, when he observed:

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

Specific refutation of this idea is presented in the following paragraph from an obscure news item in a New York paper: "The Bowery is responding with eagerness to a move launched recently to mark Big Tim Sullivan's grave in Calvary cemetery with a suitable monument. Just now, because of the dwindling of his once large estate, only a mound of grass covers the resting place of the man who loved the Bowery and all its people. When news of the proposed memorial reached the Bowery lodging houses, scores of men to whom 10 or 15 cents means a place to sleep at night and a bowl of coffee and half a loaf of bread for breakfast made their way to the headquarters of

the Tim Sullivan Association, at 161 Bowery, and offered to contribute." This seems to call for no comment. Yet, even though it is only a short time since the death of Big Tim, how many now remember that he was one of that ring of politicians which held New York in their grip, through the Tammany organization for decades, a grip which has not yet been completely loosened? Seldom has public life shown a man in whom there was such a variance between his public and his private conscience, his attitude toward his street neighbor and that toward his neighbor in the larger sense. Heaven rest his soul! Surely here is one case, at least, in which it was not the good that was "interred with his bones."

AWAKENING OF PATRIOTISM

IT is well to march in thousands, upon the streets of our city, carrying flags. It is well to say to ourselves, and to the world, that we have traditions and a country to fight for and die for if need be. We have been made startlingly aware, in the last year or two, that we are not a nation of one mind, as we have so lightly taken for granted. Our hospitality has been wide and free. We stand to the oppressed of all the world for Opportunity, and Americans with inherited traditions have assumed that the spirit of a free nation was acquired with citizenship, but is it so? Strange things have been discovered to us by the activities of the Central Empire and its sympathizers. Apparently good Americans have found themselves—perhaps to their own surprise, who knows?—following the traditions of their fathers, not those of their adopted country, when put to the test. Americans cannot be so quickly made. That is the mistake we have committed. Patriotism is not learned from books, acquired with oaths of allegiance or taken on with American clothes. It is learned at the mother's knee, at the public school, at Fourth of July celebrations, at Decoration Day exercises. It is breathed in from childhood by growing in its atmosphere, unconsciously; by accepting the peoples of all the earth who come to us fleeing oppression. It is a subtle thing and its essence has escaped our notice. Let us parade, Americans all, and remind ourselves that we have nationalism to guard within our borders, and say to all the world that no alliance of whatever name, may harbor intentions contrary to our traditions, may secretly build up or preserve an alien loyalty and that we despise with a disdain too deep for words, but accented by the tramp of our many feet, any man of any faith who stings the hand that feeds him.

CASE OF MONUMENTAL INGRATITUDE

WHEN has there been presented to the public a more tragic spectacle than that afforded recently in New York, when the venerable Jacob Schiff, whose energies for several decades have been devoted largely to philanthropic and other public-spirited efforts in behalf of his fellow Jews, stood before the delegates to the Kehillah, or community parliament, and said: "I have been hurt to the core, and hereafter, Zionism, nationalism, the congress movement, and Jewish politics in whatever form they may come up, will be a sealed book for me. I shall continue to work for the uplift of my people * * * for they are all flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone. But beyond this, my friends, my duty ends." We are told that the voice of this patriarch quivered with emotion as he spoke, that tears appeared in his eyes, and that through the audience men and women wept openly. With all reverence, Jacob Schiff has been a true Moses to thousands, if not almost millions, of Jews who have come to this promised land in the last forty years. And now, because of internal politics in the great organizations of New York Jews, he has found it necessary either to drop out as a leader of his people, or engage in petty warfare. Factional opponents seized upon a misquotation of a speech made by Mr. Schiff, as it appeared in the Gentile press, by which it appeared that he blamed the Jews of Russia and Poland for their condition, though his public record for years has provided proof that this was not his belief. It was Mr. Schiff who led the fight for the abrogation of the Russian treaty, until the Czar would guarantee that American Jews should have the same right in Russia as any other foreigners. This is but one instance of

his perpetual struggle in the interests of his people. The factional opponents knew their man. They knew he would not stoop to a controversy over a small matter, regardless of the righteousness of his cause, could they but raise sufficient furore. They also knew their race—its dynamic temperament, its eternal suspicion of all people, born of long centuries of struggle for a foothold in many countries. So the thing they had foreseen, doubtless, came to pass. But in that hour, whose the victory? These petty, neighborhood schemers, or that tall, white-haired man, who, in a dozen words vindicated himself, and bade farewell to the Kehillah? Nor is the case of Jacob Schiff alone in Jewish history. From Moses down the ages, these people have ever been suspicious of them who rise to positions of wealth and power. The Jew is an individualist, and as such is not always to be relied upon as a loyal follower of a great leader. Add to this the oppression he has combated for centuries, and it is not astonishing that he is perpetually in an attitude of protest toward authority or influence. And in the end, it is he himself who is the loser. Mr. Schiff will grieve over the ingratitude of the people for whom he has done so much, but they will pay the penalty.

SPORT AND THE FIGHTING SPIRIT

OUR sympathies go out to Mr. John Evers, of the Boston National League baseball team, "Braves," we believe is the accepted appellation, who says that he has been so abused by the public and the umpires for his fighting spirit that at the close of the present season he will pack up his uniform and retire to private life where he can state his opinions on any and all subjects at any and all times, without being penalized. Mr. Evers is known, wherever baseball is a topic of interest, for two qualities—his ability as a player, and his refusal to submit to a decision on the part of an umpire that he considers unjust. Since there must be a final court of appeal in every contest, and full power is vested in the umpires, Mr. Evers has constantly found himself in conflict with this vested authority. He calls it the fighting spirit; his critics call it "grouch." Now the fighting spirit in sport is the only thing which makes the game, from croquet to football. The man who does not go in to win, and who does not refuse to recognize defeat until the final whistle blows or the last man is out, has no place on any team. The first qualification of the athlete is the capacity to forget, or better, never to feel the minor hurt, as he plunges after the final victory. Without this he is merely playing at play. But if he is so constituted, psychologically, that he cannot accept the final decision, when it is adverse, the philosophically regard it merely as an unfortunate incident, his fighting spirit has become diseased. Among the ball players who quarrel with umpires how many are found informing the adjudicator that a decision made in his favor is erroneous? How many times has Mr. Evers been called safe in sliding for a base, and knowing he was really out, so informed the umpire? No referee can be infallible. He will make mistakes both ways, and in the end, if he is honest, there will be little injustice. By all means let us have the fighting spirit always in evidence, but let the player who would include umpire baiting in this spirit be consistent, and prove it by pointing out errors made in his favor, as well as those detrimental to his interests.

JUSTICE OVERTAKES LYMAN

ECLUSIVE, resourceful and brassy, the individual known as Dr. John Grant Lyman had pursued his swindling operations across the continent and back again before the inevitable trip-up to his stock jobbing trickeries occurred, causing him to come a cropper. He started out in life to practice medicine, but soon found that he could collect larger fees by administering other than drug "dope." He joined the New York stock exchange, had a more or less meteoric career in Wall street and was finally compelled to relinquish his membership. He engaged in numerous small swindles for several years thereafter, but did not attain national prominence until 1911, when his operations in Los Angeles, Oakland and San Francisco, in connection with an alleged Panama land grant, resulted in his arrest. After serving a term in jail he was allowed to give bail, which he soon forfeited. He then had the

hardihood to return to New York, where he soon renewed his old stock swindling operations under the firm name of John H. Putnam & Co. His profits are said to have been large, but the postoffice inspectors finally trapped him, whereupon he absconded. His trail was scented and the federal authorities quickly ran him down. At his trial, which resulted in his conviction, he conducted his own defense with consummate nerve and his customary effrontery, but the evidence against him was too damaging to permit of his escape and a jury has just found him guilty as charged on every count in the indictment. In addition to the stiff New York sentence there is an unserved term of fifteen months awaiting him in California for his Panama land fraud transactions. It is to be hoped that no repetition of his jail breaking experience will follow the incarceration of this colossal rogue in Auburn prison.

KITCHENER ACHIEVES ENDURING FAME

NOTHING quite so spectacular has occurred in the progress of the European war as the torpedoing of the cruiser Hampshire off the Orkney isles which, apparently, has gone down, carrying with it Earl Kitchener, minister of war for Great Britain, and his entire staff. Sinking of the Lusitania was horrifying and wholly unnecessary—it was not war, it was fiendish. But viewed as a war measure the wiping out of the Hampshire with its precious human freight transcends any previous submarine activity and shocks the British empire as little else could. Idolized by the British people, in spite of the newspaper attacks upon him, reflecting upon his executive ability, notably in regard to munition supplies, Lord Kitchener occupied the foremost place in the nation so far as the war campaign was concerned. His services in Egypt had won for him the marked confidence of his countrymen so that when war was declared upon Germany he was considered the fittest man in the nation to cope with the task and he was given unlimited power. The battle of the Marne, in which lack of proper ammunition resulted in the sacrifice of thousands of British soldiers, had the effect of arousing strong criticism against his methods and as a consequence a ministry of munitions was appointed that relieved him of that intense duty. Since then he has been engaged mainly in matters of organization and in defense measures guarding against attempts at invasion of England. His tragic death at the apex of his career will place a peremptory quietus on all further adverse criticism upon his conduct of the war and cause his memory to be forever extolled as one of the greatest generals of England, ranking in history with the names of Marlborough, Wellington and other national heroes. He could not have gone to his death in a way better calculated to emblazon his name for all time on the hearts of his countrymen. He had served his purpose. The cause of the allies will not suffer because of his untimely demise.

ANYTHING FOR A STORY

WHENEVER it is suggested that newspapers have no right to publish certain kinds of information, there immediately arises from the yellow press a violent protest that the freedom of speech is in danger. In this age, such a position is untenable. The truth is that frequently the freedom of speech is in danger of being overdone. In the last few weeks a grotesque situation has been developed in the New York dailies, and is being followed up day by day with great seriousness and ironic solemnity. A convict in a nearby penitentiary told the warden that, previous to his conviction for another crime, he had been employed one night in assisting at the secret burial of the body of a young woman in the cellar of a deserted house near West Point. The time when this occurred and the circumstances led him to believe that this was none other than the long missing Dorothy Arnold. What happened? Did the authorities get the man to lead them secretly to the spot where the burial took place? Not they! Mark the course pursued in this solemn farce: First of all, the newspapers were informed, and the sensational story emblazoned upon a dozen front pages. The authorities did not know whether or not to believe the man, it was declared. They had not decided to investigate, but were thinking the matter over. In a day or two they did decide to make a search. Of course, they took the convict with them! Of course, they did—not! In broad daylight a squad of detectives in an automobile, armed with a whole arsenal of shovels and picks, went to West Point and scurried around looking for the house the man had described. This, too, in the spotlight of publicity. They could not be certain of the location, as the convict-informant had made the trip at night and his description was rather vague. So they retired to the thinking chamber again, and cogitated whether or not it might be a good plan to have the convict per-

sonally conduct a more thorough search, this, too, being duly recorded in the press. At this writing they had not decided just what course to pursue. Meanwhile, does any sane person believe that, if the story were true and the perpetrator of the crime living, he would not at the first word, have taken steps to conceal the evidences of his deed? What a travesty! Nor, in such circumstances, are the newspapers culpable, so much as the officials themselves, who, ever seeking to bask in editorial favor, retail such spicy tidbits to the reporters. It is of much less importance to them that the slayer of Dorothy Arnold be apprehended, than that, if one of them should want to run for sheriff or prosecuting attorney, he should have the support of newspapers whose friendship he has purchased by betraying the secrets of justice. We would not go so far as to uphold the course of a certain chief of police of Pasadena, who, a few years ago, gravely excused himself for not giving out information that a certain series of burglaries had been committed, on the ground that it might interfere with the arrest of the criminals. As if these gentry were not well aware that the police were on their trail, without newspaper notification! As if it were not customary to set a detective to catch a thief without first informing the thief, and lacking such notification the thief would be off his guard! This is not the point. But in this Dorothy Arnold matter it is obvious that there is now not the least use in trying to follow up the clue. The question of the relation of publicity to crime is one that is given too little consideration by police and editors.

SITTING BULL AND CUSTER MASSACRE

IN his history of the American people, which a syndicate is publishing in many daily papers under the general title "Our Country—By Our President," Mr. Wilson, treating of the "Sitting Bull Rebellion," refers to the noted Indian as the chief of the Sioux tribes and leader of the forces that were gathered in the valley of the Little Big Horn to oppose the United States troops. This is hardly correct. Sitting Bull was not a chief and certainly not a warrior; at no time did he lead his people in battle. He was the great medicine man of the Sioux nation, an uncompromising pagan and bitter hater of the white man to the day of his death. At the time of Custer's ill-starred attempt to rush the camp in the Little Big Horn valley, June 25, 1876, Sitting Bull was "making medicine," and far from leading his people into combat, he precipitately fled from the scene together with his two wives. In the hurry to get that the name it bore afterward was The-One-That-Was-Left. The real leader of the allied forces, of course, was the magnificent Chief Gall, one of the finest specimens of Sioux manhood known to the tribe. It was his generalship, his bravery, his acumen that wiped out the flower of the Seventh Cavalry on the heights of the Little Big Horn that fatal day. Again, Mr. Wilson, after telling how Custer was annihilated, says, "The other seven companies of the regiment were not at hand to fight with them or to give them succor, and found themselves obliged, when at last they came up, to fortify a bluff," etc. This is misleading as history. Major Reno had been sent by General Custer to charge the lower ford of the village simultaneously with the attack by the commanding officer at the upper end. Reno failed to break through and retreated to the bluffs, leaving his superior unsupported. He was joined in his retreat by Captain MacDougall with the pack train, and within sound of the volleys that were carrying death to their comrades Reno and his command remained in their position. This most tragic of all happenings to our army engaged in Indian warfare deserves to be related with a true regard to details and we respectfully protest against the inattention to such as seen in Mr. Wilson's history.

Villanelle

Robin and his Merry Men
Groping, crouching, out of sight—
They have passed beyond our ken.

Over moor and over fen—
Quick to steal and quick to fight,
Robin and his Merry Men.

What we know by word, from pen
Seems forsooth, so very slight—
They have passed beyond our ken.

By the roadside, near their den,
In the dark, or in the light,
Robin and his Merry Men.

Now it is the same as then,
Swords are crossed for truth and right.
They have passed beyond our ken.

Though we search some leafy glen
Hoping they will show their might,
Robin and his Merry Men—
They have passed beyond our ken.

—WILLIAM VAN WYCK

FACING THE FILMS PROBLEM

By Harry B. Kennon

VACHEL Lindsay, in his appreciation of the moving picture shows, said that a million men in this busy country of ours faced the films every day—that, or something like; I quote from memory, but I am sure of the million. I thought at the time of reading Mr. Lindsay's enthusiastic and interesting article, that he meant to say "people" instead of "men," for I doubted so many men finding time for the indulgence. But I apologize for the doubt—Mr. Lindsay meant precisely what he said, and he knew his facts; facts that anyone can verify by making an investigation, as I did. And I think it is worth while investigation to have made, if only to have learned that so large a portion of our male population finds an hour a day, the approximate time limit of movie programs, to devote to an amusement so far removed from manly sport.

Unlike Mr. Lindsay, I am no movie fan, though wonder at the cinema never ceases to grip nor its tremendous possibilities to excite. To me the pictures are, for the most part, ghastly and ghostly; the acting too obvious, and the dramas of a sameness to bore. The films recording current events are more interesting; nothing so superb in a pictorial way as the films of the New York preparedness parade has ever met the eyes of the public. But, in any case, expert oculists to the contrary, a session before a bright screen hurts my eyes; so I relieve the strain by looking at the audiences, the white faces showing in reflected light not too dim to confuse as to the differentiation of sex. And I find the audiences made up much more largely of men than are Sunday church congregations of women. Where do all these men come from? How do they get the spare time? And a more important question: What are they getting out of it?

Let it be understood that my ten day survey covered no night shows when the majority of male workers are free, nor did I pursue it in the lunch hours from eleven a. m. to two p. m., when many men shave food and the price of food for the sake of a little diversion. I went to the movies, choosing the nickel "We Never Close" places as best suited to my purpose—six in one block and any number within five minutes walk—at the hours of nine or ten in the morning and between two and five in the afternoon. I found the auditoriums—can one use the word for a place of dumb show?—full of men, and more men ready to take seats as vacated. Inquiries of ushers confirmed my conclusions. One usher said: "Men! Sure! They keep a comin'!" My investigation was confined entirely to the Loop district of Chicago, but I have not the slightest doubt that its repetition in the downtown districts of any of our great cities would duplicate my experience and verify Mr. Lindsay's estimate of a million men a day facing the films.

One says immediately: "Look at the tremendous crowds of men at baseball games." But baseball games are not in the "We Never Close" category. Of course, many men work at night; but does that account for the big male movie audiences? Comparatively few of the inhabitants of the large cities, New York excepted, live in or near the congested business districts; few men care to take the long trip downtown for a movie when they can see the same show at the same price by going around the corner without spending carfare. Movies and garages infest every neighborhood. Certainly, many men get days off—but neither so many men, nor so many days off, as to account for their every day presence in such numbers. Nor does the fact that men are called to the business centers, whose business takes but a part of their time much signify; the nickel show audiences are not composed of the leisure class, though a softer form of male recreation is yet to be devised. Chicago has an estimated population of three million and a large transient population—but that does not explain. The women and children, so conspicuous by their absence in the audiences considered, make a huge hole in the three million; the male population is diffused over an immensely wide area that is distant from the Loop; transients are not greatly given to taking in daylight cheap shows—the city is show enough, until night. Then too, the enormous number of men who would not think of leaving work during work hours—I attended no Saturday afternoon shows—but adds to the mystery of the large male audiences at the downtown movies.

I paid attention to the lobbies taking note of the audiences passing out and in. Men, recognizably laborers, were distinctly few; bums there were none; in dress and bearing men of the clerical or mercantile class predominated. There were hardly any boys, as the shows were that poor bait for the initiate "Adult Only" shows. The men were of all ages from twenty to sixty and about as intelligent looking as average bodies of men to be seen anywhere. One aspect of the crowds I noticed particularly: rarely were the men in parties, as rarely in couples. The audiences were made up of solitary men. My survey was rather sad.

What all these men got out of the pictures, aside from childish delight that pictures give, is past knowing; what out of the plays, unless, like children, men want the same old stories, slightly varied, repeated over and over again, is beyond my finding out. Still, the play seems to be the thing; for I noticed general exits when news pictures and cartoons, at times quite clever cartoons, were flashed. Of course, exits and entrances were practically continuous, but the outward movement at the conclusion of the plays was noticeable. Perhaps, the men were glad the plays were over and done with.

I have not in any way answered the questions raised regarding these crowds of men facing the films day by day and hour by hour. I have no answer. Where they all come from; how they manage to get the time for killing, and what they get out of it, are mysteries that some one better versed than I in movie lore may explain. The one thing of which I am sure is that the men are there, and, as the usher said: "They keep a comin'."

GREAT SHAKESPEAREAN MASQUE

By Randolph Bartlett

CULMINATING all the various Shakespearean centenary celebrations, was the great masque, given in the huge stadium of the College of the City of New York in the last two weeks of May. This masque was written by Percy Mackaye, who, in recent years has practically abandoned the theater for the outdoor world of related dramatic arts. It is, undoubtedly, the most ambitious effort in its line ever arranged in this country, not even excepting the great St. Louis carnival of a year ago, which also was the product of Mr. Mackaye's imagination, superimposed upon a civic theme. The Shakespearean production was entitled "Caliban," and much of its imagery was derived from "The Tempest," though the story was original. Briefly, the piece was an allegorical representation of the spiritual growth of man through art. Caliban representing the earth spirit is redeemed and ennobled by the efforts of Prospero and Ariel to be a fit mate for Miranda, and by his contemplation of the arts is released from his thralldom to Setebos, the spirit of evil, who in turn is endeavoring to degrade and slay Miranda, the genius of art. A great many of the finer points of the allegory were lost to the audience in the presentation, for the reason that Mr. Mackaye has not yet learned to tell the important parts of this story in pure pantomime, or, perhaps, does not trust his audiences to interpret that subtle form of expression, or still another possibility, despairs of obtaining actors who can be entrusted with such delicate interpretations. Whatever the explanation, Mr. Mackaye considered it necessary to tell the greater part of his story in words, and there were only two or three of the players whose voices carried to all parts of the vast audience.

Associated with Mr. Mackaye in his work were two other creative artists of equal importance, Arthur Farwell, composer, and Joseph Urban, scenic genius. A great orchestra and choir, concealed from view, furnished music throughout. But the thing which, possibly, will be longest remembered by the thousands of spectators, was the manner in which the lights were handled. This was the work of Mr. Urban. His name is not unfamiliar in the theater. He has contributed to the enjoyment of such spectacles as the Ziegfeld "Follies," the Hackett "Macbeth," and innumerable other stage productions, where his opulence of ideas and originality of design and color combination outshone the performances for which they were supposed to be but the backgrounds. He follows neither Gordon Craig, Max Reinhardt nor Granville Barker. His idea is not to abolish the conventions which have been accepted by the theater as the most practical, but to employ them in new ways, and develop them to a higher point, not so much of naturalism or realism, but of sheer artistry.

As for the details of the masque, the audience were best pleased by the dance interludes, in which hundreds of young men and women took part. Folk dances and ceremonials of Egypt, Greece, Rome, medieval Germany and England, were presented with delightful spirit, the remarkable thing being the deft manner in which the large number of performers was handled, and the precision and uniformity of their work. Unquestionably the finest work of all was done in the English May Day festival interlude, in which several hundred members of an English folk dance society appeared.

Of the individual players in the main allegory, highest honors must go to Lionel Braham, as Caliban himself. He began his portrayal as a crawling, croaking, brutish creature, repulsive and sinister, howling his way down the world, gradually developing to full manhood at the close. The transitions were subtle and yet distinct, showing the release of imagination from crass materialism. Gareth Hughes as Ariel was as light as the name suggests, seeming hardly to touch the ground as he flitted through the scenes. Edith Wynne Matthison, surely one of the most distinguished figures on the American stage, so much so that it is seldom a part is found worthy her talents, played Miranda, and read her lines in a clear, trumpet voice that reached to the farthest gallery seat in the vast amphitheater. John Drew, made up in a perfect representation of Shakespeare as tradition has accepted him, could hardly be heard in the front boxes, so you did not know whether the bard was announcing that he was glad to be dead, since the fact afforded occasion for such a spectacle, or that he was sorry he was dead and could not see it.

But, more important than the mere details of this masque is the fact that it was held, the first thing of its kind in New York, despite the fact that such events are common in European cities and that New York's population is largely foreign. And the public liked it and patronized it in great numbers. The figures have not been announced, but they must be huge. The original intention was that four performances should be given, but so popular was the spectacle that it was continued an entire week. Now, the remarkable thing about this is that the continuation was possible, in view of the fact that more than ninety-five per cent of the performers were volunteers, receiving not the least remuneration for their services. This is the spirit which is, theoretically, at least, behind great pageants: that they must be the outgrowth of a desire on the part of the people to express themselves. And, of course, to pay all the members of the army of dancers and frolickers would be a prohibitive expense.

Now that New York has set the fashion and the pace, there is every reason to expect a development of this art of pageantry all through the country, for no matter how much the fact may be deplored or sneered at, it seems to be impossible to interest communities in any sort of elaborate display which the eastern metropolis has not first tried. For a long time, various persons, the editor of The Graphic among them, have been endeavoring to convince Pasadena that its Tournament of Roses should evolve into one of these pageant productions, under the direction of men who know the art intimately. In the advanced colleges there are now courses in pageantry and its allied arts, so that it will not be long before there will be available many

experts who can create the scenarios and work out all details. But there are such men to be found even now, and with all the possibilities possessed by Southern California it is surprising that something of the sort has not already been devised. The Mission Play, in a measure, is such a pageant, but on even broader scale than this, removing the personal drama entirely, should be the great masque of the southland.

* * *

I have just seen the film version of "Macbeth," made in the vicinity of Los Angeles, with Sir Herbert Tree and Constance Collier as the stars. Sir Herbert closed his New York engagement just in time to avoid competing with himself right across the street, having vacated the New Amsterdam about twelve hours before his shadow first crossed the screen at the Rialto. Doubtless, long ere this Los Angeles has seen the film. But I wonder if everybody was as much amused as I was over the Dunsinane by Macduff's army. These soldiers seemed to be trying to take the castle by making faces at the walls. They gathered in great crowds right under the ramparts where the hot stuff and rocks, flung down by the defenders, would be sure to find victims. Then they produced two long and rickety ladders and tried to scale the high walls one man at a time. In other words, to get from the top of the ladder into the castle, even if he succeeded in dodging the things thrown at him, the invading soldier would have to overcome, single-handed, the entire garrison. Great tactics! Perhaps, this is where the Crown Prince gained his idea for the capture of Verdun. This Napoleonic strategy failing, Macduff's men built a bridge of spears across the moat, the details of which wonderful engineering feat were concealed by the crowd of soldiers. On this bridge a big battering-ram was placed to break open the castle door. Some spears, to support this weight! Is there any limit to the things certain motion picture directors think they can get away with! And has none of them ever heard of Froissart? Interesting gentleman, if one is staging ancient battles or sieges.

Unwearied Flight of Time

(Chant-Royal)

The primal dawn, which once in roseate glow
Did in the east through dappled mist appear,
The new moon's signet in a vernal bow
Marking the coming of the firstborn year:
The spring's young Ganymede, and autumn stain
The chording streams and woods' aeolian strain—
These, in their turn, were lastly cast away
Like shreds discarded from the potter's clay,
Deep-buried under paleozoic slime;
While cleaves beyond their records dim and grey
The silent and unwearied flight of time.

The sphinx that waits by Nilus' current slow
And pyramids that rise in state severe,
The mummied kings who flourished long ago
On bleached Egyptian deserts stretching near—
The crumbling remnants of Osiris' reign
In pillared obelisk and Coptic fane,
The tufted palms beneath Orion's ray,
Have yielded where the centuries hold sway
O'er monarch, camp and royal pantomime;
While glides above their ruin and decay
The silent and unwearied flight of time.

The wars of old, and Paynim overthrew
In far crusades by Christian knights austere,
The streaming banners, the opposing foe
And clash of mace, of scimeter and spear;
The swords of France, the chivalry of Spain
And Coeur-de-Leon's gallant quest in vain—
How, in a breath, has passed this mailed array
Like fragments of a minstrel's roundelay,
Or tolling of some monastery chime;
While soars untouched by tumult of the fray
The silent and unwearied flight of time.

The age inspired of Shakespeare's metric flow
The sole note of the Master, sounding clear,
The rage of Richard, Lear's restless woe,
Iago's smile, and daft Ophelia's tear;
The madness of the melancholy Dane,
The mockery of the poet's lapsed refrain—
Aye! even these, the player and the play
Will shrivel as a rosebud come in May,
That lingers on to tempt October's prime;
While poises o'er their long-forgotten day
The silent and unwearied flight of time.

And we who mingle with the passing show
Amid a host of mortals summoned here,
Will melt into neptunus as the snow
Which slips from winter's threshold, seeping drear;
A little while the heights our souls attain
A little hour for laughter and for pain,
Before the high gods' message we obey;
With then no more of either yea or nay
Nor wine, nor song, according to my rhyme;
While towers like a falcon with his prey
The silent and unwearied flight of time.

Envoy

Prince! empires vanish; planets go astray;
Races and creeds themselves at length will slay;
One thing remains, eternal and sublime;
This follows on with neither halt nor stay,
The silent and unwearied flight of time.

—ERNEST M'GAFFEY

Evensong

The sun has set; the shades of twilight creep
In hidden-gray from ocean's rosy deep;
The purple hills melt into heaven's blue;
The flowered meads are bathed in crystal dew.
The dove of peace broods over land and sea,
And from our hearts the clouds of sorrow flee;
God in His garden walks as eve draws nigh,
And choirings angel-hosts seem hovering by.

—BELLE COOPER

GOSSIP FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

THOSE who think that a certain political reputation strained itself to the breaking point, somewhere between the Coliseum and the Auditorium in Chicago last week, will probably be forced to revise their judgment as they have done before. This is not the first time they have so gleefully assisted at the political obsequies of the Irrepressible. But the question that now particularly interests Californians is the political fate of Hiram Johnson and how deeply he has involved himself in the rout and discomfiture of his idolized Leader. It is remarked that while Johnson was first and foremost—and more vehement than the others—in forcing Roosevelt's nomination, he shrewdly avoided the empty and expensive honor of being again made the tail of the Progressive kite. But he certainly succeeded in gaining recognition as the most irreconcilable and obstreperous spirit in the Progressive ranks.

While the ultimate fate of the Progressive party is not to be sealed until the meeting of the chief mourners next week, Governor Johnson has already decisively refused a tentative invitation to head the ticket, explaining that his job as Governor of California keeps him "too busy to make a campaign of that sort." All of which is taken here as indicating that Hiram's heart is more than ever set on stepping into the shoes of Senator John D. Works, and it is believed that he will announce his candidacy soon after his return home. His long delay in selecting the successor of the late Lieutenant-Governor Eshelman is also thought to be an indication of his desire to leave Sacramento for Washington. Those most in Johnson's confidence believe that Chester Rowell is the man the Governor would pick as his successor at Sacramento. But Johnson's senatorial candidacy is not likely to arouse much enthusiasm in Southern California where the conviction has long obtained that the South has a vested interest in one of our representatives in the upper house.

While a temporary agreement relieved the immediate congestion caused by the longshoremen's strike, the chances for a permanent settlement were never more than slim. The executive board of the International Longshoremen's Association insisted that unless every firm on the Pacific Coast signs the temporary agreement, the men would again be called out. And the temporary agreement came to an abrupt end Monday. Neither the railroads, the Lumbermen's Association nor the Western Fuel Company show any disposition to yield one inch. It is now fairly certain that the struggle will be prolonged until the momentous decision has been reached, whether San Francisco is to be an "open" or a "closed" port. Meanwhile, the lumber industry is paralyzed. No lumber is being sold in this district, and such vessels as cannot be worked at the Oakland long wharf remain tied up.

It was only the other day that we were promised a long summer of uninterrupted dramatic delights, but once again the legitimate reigns only at two of the stock company theaters. Oliver Morosco had promised to illuminate the Cort with "The Brat" this week, but at the last moment wired a postponement of the engagement. The disappointing box-office returns in Emily Stevens' two weeks in "The Unchastened Woman" may have influenced Morosco's decision, but he promises to try us out again next week. At present, it must be confessed, San Franciscans seem to be interested in anything but the drama.

Peter B. Kyne, whose stories of the sea have won him fame and income, makes his debut as a dramatist this week. A version of "The Land Over Yonder" is to be given a "try-out" at the Oakland Orpheum. The three scenes are laid in Arizona, the first being a reproduction of the Moran painting of the Grand Canyon, the second another portion of the Arizona trail and the third the interior of the warden's office in the Yuma penitentiary.

These are anxious days for music-lovers, for the fate of the San Francisco Orchestra is trembling in the balance. After the unprecedentedly successful last season and the general enthusiasm aroused by the masterly art of Director Hertz, the present situation is the more depressing. Mr. Hertz has delivered his ultimatum, and the directors of the symphony are still far from being able to accept its terms. To carry out the plans that Hertz has outlined for next season a minimum of \$60,000 is required, and down to date only one-third of this sum is in sight. Something must be done, and done quickly, if we are not to lose Hertz and thereby pull down much of the splendid work he accomplished in one season. And if we lose Hertz we shall undoubtedly lose several of the distinguished artists who played under his baton last season and who will not wait until the last moment to be engaged.

Oakland embarks on a season of grand opera in English next week, mainly a local enterprise and to be staged in the municipal auditorium. Particular interest is centered on the debut of Miss Edith Benjamin in "The Bohemian Girl." Miss Benjamin is the daughter of the president of the Bohemian Club of this city whose members propose to attend her first performance in a body.

Los Angeles members of the National Service Training School have been distinguishing themselves in their two weeks' encampment at the Presidio. Miss Eleanor Banning has won the honor of wearing a white cockade in her service hat, an emblem of proficiency in Red Cross work and devotion to duty. Miss Emmeline Childs is hailed not only as the beauty of Squad C but as its most popular member, charming her fellow rookettes with her singing and playing on a quaint Hawaiian eight-stringed instrument. Most of the recruits are so enthusiastic over their work that they will continue their course of instruction for another two weeks.

R. H. C.
San Francisco, June 14.



Essential Qualities of a Fine Lyric

By Marguerite Wilkinson



ONLY a few of the men and women treading the highways of today think that they have leisure for the enjoyment of epics and dramatic poems and long ballads. But many who never read longer poetry, give gracious welcome, occasionally, to the lyrics that sublimate their own moods, and sing the song of their hearts as they cannot sing it for themselves. This may account, in part, for the popularity of the lyric in these days of varied achievement. But we shall state the matter more truthfully if we say that mankind will always love lyrics because it is of their very nature to be loved!

They are never remote and complicated. They are intimate and personal and simple. We can take them upon our lips and repeat them slowly to ourselves and make them our own. A lyric, more than any other kind of poem belongs not only to the maker and giver of it but to the lover and receiver of it. It is the most direct contact of the life of the poet with the life of his reader. Therefore, although it gives us less of the fire and clash of life in the world around us, although it does not necessarily lift the zenith of the spirit nor stretch the boundaries of the intellectual horizon very far, it is valuable for its subjective energy and emotional intensity, a spring freshet pouring out the pent-up feeling of the heart.

One teacher in an eastern school whose duty it was to lead young girls in the enchanted ways of great literature, once told me that she was sure poets never meant or felt what they said. She remarked, "They just make it up!" But I, who had always supposed that the best poetry was written with fine sincerity and singleness of heart, was quite unwilling and unable to believe her, despite her college degree and her large salary. And a few days ago, in St. Louis, when I called upon Sara Teasdale (Mrs. Filsinger) this thought came into my mind and I asked her a few questions about the making of poems. For no young American poet of our time has given us lyrics with a finer singing quality, a more intimate magic, a more exquisite clarity and simplicity than hers.

"Will you tell me," I said, "what you consider essential in the fashioning of good lyrics?" And Mrs. Filsinger said nothing about prosody and diction although she probably knows more about them than most of us. She answered, "Honesty. A poet must never try to express what has not been felt. If he has not heard a lark or a nightingale he must not write about them." And she went on to say that a poet must make his poems out of his own experience and that a small detail of life poignantly felt makes better poetry than a large experience imperfectly known and shared. "If you can get a real prick of feeling and be true to it, then, if you have the gift of expression the result will be a poem."

Here was no formula, no prescription, no dogmatic assertion of little fretful devices, but rather a suggestion of the way to create the very substance of those great small poems that we call lyrics. Always and forever the artist who is an artist throws us back upon fundamentals and realities.

"The Answer" is one of Mrs. Filsinger's poems which can hardly be repeated too often.

When I go back to earth
And all my joyous body
Puts off the red and white
That once had been so proud,
If men should pass above
With false and feeble pity,
My dust will find a voice
To answer them aloud:
"Be still, I am content,
Take back your poor compassion
Joy was a flame in me
Too steady to destroy;
Lithe as a bending reed
Loving the storm that sways her—
I found more joy in sorrow
Than you could find in joy."

Perhaps because the modern industrial city is relatively a new thing upon the earth it has not yet been adequately celebrated in poetry. Time was when we found no beauty in it, when the smoke and defilement of it effaced in our minds the stern perspective of streets like canyons with ribbed, erect walls of blotched brick and stone, and floors striped with trolley tracks. Time was when the swarming thousands seemed to be only frayed haberdashery and well worn shoe leather, and we found no bewildering magic in the hurly burly of motors whirling around corners and threading mazes as intricate as any mythological labyrinth. And this went on until painters and photographers either by giving us selected details or by blotting out details in masses showed us glimpses of the beauty of the city. And gradually poets also have come to perceive that the serried ridges of the roofs of the city are the battlements of fairy castles, that the skyscraper is a blunt pinnacle challenging heaven, that the tawdry appearing thousands are souls speeding sunward.

But while the beauty of the great out of doors is plain and palpable to all of us, because it has been realized by our forefathers in all the past ages of the race, the beauty of the city is only felt as yet by the sensitive and sympathetic, and by those whose inclusive mentality enables them to see in panorama rather than in patches, and the greatest poetry of the city is yet to be written. James Oppenheim's "Saturday Night" is one of the poems that celebrates the city with almost competent magic. I take pleasure in quoting:

"Saturday Night"

The lights of Saturday Night beat golden, golden over
the pillared street;
The long plate glad of a Dream World olden is as the
footlights shining sweet.
Street lamp—flambeau—glamour of trolley—comet trail
of the trains above,
Splash where the jostling crowds are jolly with echoing
laughter and human love.

This is the City of the Enchanted, and these are her Enchanted People; Far and far is Daylight haunted with whistle of mill and bell of steeple.

The Eastern tenements loose the women, the Western flats release the wives To touch, where all the ways are common, a glory to their sweated lives.

Oh Dream World lights that lift through the ether millions of miles to the Milky Way Tonight earth rolls through a golden weather that lights the Pleides where they play. Yet . . . God? Does He lead these sons and daughters? Yea, do they feel a passion that stills, God on the face of the moving waters, God in the quiet of the hills?

Yet . . . what if the million-mantled mountains, and what if the million-moving sea Are here alone in facades and fountains our deep stone world of humanity— We builders of cities and civilizations walled away from the sea and the sod Must reach, dream-led, for our revelations through one another—as far as God.

Through one another—through one another—no more the gleam on sea or land But so close that we feel the Brother—and understand! Till, drawn in swept crowd closer, closer, we see the gleam in the human clod, And clerk and foreman, peddler and grocer, are in our Family of God.

Many and diverse are the functions of poetry in every day life. For one person it is a zest of sharing experiences foreign to his own, the excursion into wild pathways never explored by his actual and practical self. For another it is a pouring out of his own emotion, a breaking down of the dams of restraint that balk the expression of his mood. For a few naive and childlike souls it quickens the blood as does dancing, and for the sophisticated, sometimes, it casts a mantle of glamour over the things of every day. And to those who have set their faces against the hypocrisies of the world, and with the utmost valor of which they are capable look upward to the stars above them, poetry is bravery and inspiration.

Nine-tenths of the human race always need comfort and cheer in great and little trials and adversities. For this reason many a penny-wit rhyme which has no merit in it but the suggestion of fortitude is repeated again and again by those whose smiles hide tears and is loved as no imagist poem could ever be loved save by its maker. It is fortunate therefore, that great poets have given us from time to time poems that hold us true to our ideals without preaching, and without palaver keep us strong in our faith in the essential goodness of life. These are the poems that we should learn and love and repeat in times of sorrow, that we may win from them not only a new power of courage but also a new sense of dignity and beauty that can never be found in rhymes without poetic merit. Such a poem is Henley's "Invictus." Such a poem also is William Vaughn Moody's "Pandora Song." Since Mr. Moody died before we could well spare him, his work can be considered as a part of contemporary poetry, and we quote this poem:

Pandora (Sings)

Of wounds and sore defeat
I made my battle stay;
Winged sandals for my feet
I wove of my delay;
Of weariness and fear,
I made my shouting spear;
Of loss, and doubt, and dread,
And swift oncoming doom
I made a helmet for my head
And a floating plume.
From the shutting mist of death,
From the failure of the breath,
I made a battle-horn to blow
Across the vales of overthrow.
O hearken, love, the battle-horn!
The triumph clear, the silver scorn!
O hearken where the echoes bring,
Down the gray disastrous morn,
Laughter and rallying!

Gordon Bottomley's "Laodice and Danae" is a play in one act written in verse and published by The Four Seas Company. It is a barbaric story of the treachery of queens. Laodice, "a queen of the Seleucid house in Asia" orders the women of her court to throw into the sea her favorite hand-maiden, Danae, because the girl has warned her lover, Sophron, to fly from the guest room of the queen. The most skillful thing in the play, and the most gruesome, is the way in which the wicked queen plays with and enjoys the wanton cruelty of her own nature as a cat might play with a little fluttering victim. The queen seems almost unnaturally hard. But history tells us that such persons have lived. The poem is not as well wrought and convincing and real as was "King Lear's Wife," Gordon Bottomley's poetic drama included in "Georgian Poetry 1913-1915." If Gordon Bottomley would bring home his mind and heart to his own times and draw his characters from the life of today we might expect great things of him in the field of poetic drama. The two plays both lack warmth and "Laodice and Danae" lacks the large humanity which should always accompany brilliant intellectual delineation of character if it is to be desired that we should get whole and perfect impressions of fictitious personalities.

* * *

Ruth Comfort Mitchell who has been passing the winter in New York City and contributing poems to many good magazines is now in Evanston, Ill., on her way back to the coast. She will be welcomed in Los Angeles where she has many friends.

* * *

"Horizons" by Robert Alden Sanborn, published by The Four Seas Company is a booklet difficult to describe in a few words. Most of the poems are in free rhythm and differ from those of the imagists, however, in being less hard and brilliant and nearer to the common humanities. Passages in many of the poems have

rhythical charm and there are occasional quaint phrases, but Mr. Sanborn does not show mastery and maturity. The quality of the work is too diffuse, and falls short of the powerful impression made by a more concentrated excellence. Many of the poems are too vague and mystical for the ordinary reader. But "To Bobby, Being Seven" is a truly lovable poem and Mr. Sanborn has a social and human sympathy which should carry him further than this book.

* * *

It seldom happens that sonnets are written on familiar and homely subjects like the one chosen for this sonnet by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. It is called "The Old Bed" and stirs one in a quite inexplicable but very real way.

Streaming beneath the eaves, the sunset light Turns the white walls and ceilings to pure gold, And gold the quilt and pillows on the old Four-poster bed—all day a cold drift-white— As if in a gold casket glistening bright, The gleam of winter sunshine sought to hold The sleeping child safe from the dark and cold And creeping shadows of the coming night.

Slowly it fades: and stealing through the gloom Home-coming shadows throng the quiet room, Gray ghosts that move unrustling, without breath, To their familiar rest, and closer creep About the little dreamless child asleep Upon the bed of bridal, birth and death.

Poetry has announced the result of the prize contest in poetic drama which it has been conducting. The first prize was awarded to Wallace Stevens for his play which will be published in July or August in Poetry. Several other poets won honorable mention. Among them was Miriam Allen DeFord, (Mrs. Collier of Coronado) who has published verse and prose in The Masses, The New York Call and many other radical papers and periodicals. Her friends in Southern California will be happy to know of her success.

Celtic Club's Brilliant Gathering

In anticipation of its summer recess a brilliant gathering of Celtic Club members and friends held session at the Sierra Madre Club Tuesday evening, when no fewer than a hundred and sixty sat down to a sumptuous dinner, presided over by Dr. Walter Lindley, the president of the club. Special guests of the evening were Mr. and Mrs. George D. Meudell of Melbourne, Australia. Mr. Meudell, who has circled the globe seven times and visited more than forty different countries, made a most interesting talk. Speaking for "Young Australia" Mr. Meudell said that, while the commonwealth had hoped for peace, it had thrown its heart and soul with the mother country into the struggle for freedom, justice, and the sacredness of treaties. For these represented the basic principles on which the great democracy of Australia was founded, and on which its future absolutely depended. In this spirit, he said, Australia had sent 300,000 men to the war, every one a volunteer and ready to sacrifice his life if necessary. She had another 100,000 men in training. That besides supporting her own armies in every detail she had contributed lavishly to all the relief funds, not merely for British, but for Belgians, Serbians, Poles and other suffering races. A most unique and popular feature of the evening's entertainment was a concert by a group of what Prof. Jaroslaw de Zielinski who had planned the number termed, "Strollers." These "strollers" were impersonated by such well known musicians as Mesdames L. T. Bitter, lone Kisselburg, E. St. Clair Houston, DeBroneer Welch, and Beth Woodruff Nordwall and Messrs. H. C. Cassidy and Charles Henry de la Platte. The Führer-Zielinski Trio, composed of those two popular artists, the Misses Bessie and Lucy Führer with the violin and violincello, and Prof. Zielinski at the piano, added attractive numbers to a decidedly pleasing program, and Miss Clara B. Clark gave two happy readings. With these pleasant memories to attend them for the next three months the Celtic Club members dispersed for their summer vacations.

GRAPHITES

Because a newsboy sometimes becomes a successful man there are those who argue that the education of the streets is desirable. Because many college graduates fail a college education is declared a detriment. But statistics show that the percentage of college graduates among successful men is much larger than among the total population of the country, and that an immensely smaller percentage of newsboys attain success. You may explain this by saying that generally only persons of superior ability and determination obtain a college education, and that the conditions which necessitate a boy's selling papers indicate an hereditary deficiency; or that a college education, properly used, enables a person of ordinary ability to make better use of his faculties while the education of the street destroys the moral and physical stamina of the average boy. There is probably truth in both explanations.

* * *

Just between ourselves the winter tourists show good sense in getting away from Southern California about the middle of May. The cold wet fog of the following few weeks which makes a morning furnace desirable late into June belongs with those other California-Arizona contraries, cutting hay with an ax, chopping wood with a hoe and digging wells uphill. But the real joke is, that most of the tourists imagine they leave because it is getting too hot.

* * *

Among his other pleasing fancies in "The Autocrat," Dr. Holmes suggests that we should have the word coolth as the opposite of warmth. Kipling doesn't bother to suggest, he simply uses the word. "Out onto the bare hillside's slippery sunburnt grass, and back into the woodland's coolth again."

HONOR LOS ANGELES WOMAN

To our Eastern friends evidently the methods and general conduct of California women abroad are chiefly interesting by reason of their enfranchisement; and many of California's most gracious and brilliant women, on various missions intent, have opened the eyes of these by shining examples, from time to time, of the new citizenry of the Golden West. Among these women one of the most recent to bid for attention and favor, with eminent success, was Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles of West Adams street, who captured the presidency and the hearts of the women at the General Federation of Women's Clubs in its thirteenth Biennial held in New York City the latter part of May.

Mrs. Cowles' candidacy was announced in the New York Times in the following characteristic news headlines:

CLUBWOMEN START
ON POLITICAL FIGHT

Two Announced Candidates for
President and Talk of
Dark Horses.

HEADQUARTERS OPEN TODAY

Suffragists from California Will
Push Campaign Vigorously
for Mrs. Cowles.

California women having been in politics before showed the people that suffragists know how to work effectively and quietly as well. Mrs. Cowles' campaign indicated clearly the cool, dignified business methods of an enfranchised state, headquarters having been opened in the Hotel Astor where delegates' meetings were held and the work successfully directed by Mrs.



MRS. JOSIAH EVANS COWLES

E. G. Denniston, chairman of the California state committee, with the assistance of a secretary and stenographer.

It was with reluctant but pardonable pride Dr. Cowles exhibited to local friends the precious little booklet outlining Mrs. Cowles' "platform," much worn and conveying personal greetings and a penciled message en route. Two thousand of these daintily bound pamphlets, on which the poppy flaunts its golden glow, were distributed in New York, together with beautifully engraved invitations for a reception May 26, for the purpose of acquainting the delegates with California's much beloved representative woman. It contains her record as a club woman in brief but interesting manner.

In this compendious brochure we learn that Mrs. Cowles was born in Indiana, received her earlier education in the Chicago schools, and attended Earlham College at Richmond, Indiana. She is of Quaker parentage and the fact that she was reared in that faith accounts largely for her liberal philosophy of life. Naturally, she was a suffragist and a believer in the same standard of morality for the sexes, the Friends being ever believers in the equality of men and women in all affairs of life. Nor has five years' experience among enfranchised women changed her faith in the justice and general good results of their larger citizenship as regards the standard and development of the women themselves and the benefit to the state.

Her activities extend beyond the circles of the Friday Morning and Ebell Clubs, in both of which she is a charter member and a zealous worker. She has been president of the Civic Association for two terms; director of the Outdoor Art League of the American Civic Association for several years; vice-president and director of the Los Angeles Juvenile Court Association; an advisory member of the Morals Efficiency

Committee of the City and County of Los Angeles, and is now completing her seventh year as president of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Diocese of Los Angeles of the Protestant Episcopal church. And in the Woman's Peace Party movement last year she was an interested and helpful participant upon the occasion of Mrs. May Wright Sewall's visit and the San Francisco meeting, although she is also an advocate of preparedness.

In the State Federation of Women's Clubs she has served as president, vice-president-at-large, General Federation secretary and chairman of the program committee. Nationally her record shows that she received her training for the highest executive office as president of the local Board, Los Angeles Biennial, 1902; chairman of the reception committee at the St. Louis Biennial, 1904; director, 1904-6; chairman of the program committee, St. Paul Biennial, 1905; Treasurer, 1906-8; First Vice-President, 1908-12; member of the Executive Committee, 1908-12; chairman of the Finance Committee, 1908-12; chairman of the Peace Committee, 1912-16; chairman of the Biennial Committee of the Board at San Francisco Biennial, 1910-12. Mrs. Cowles' eight years of official service on the executive board might have resulted in an earlier election had she allowed her claims to be pressed but her sense of fairness, love of harmony and fine graciousness led her to refuse the nomination. At the Eleventh Biennial it was that without a moment's notice she took the president's gavel and with sweetness, calmness and rare executive ability carried forward the business of the meeting in the enforced absence of the president.

In honor of her home coming, which will be June 27, great preparations are in progress among the women's organizations of the city. Arrangements have been made with the Santa Fe for a special delegation of representative club women to go forward to meet Mrs. Cowles to escort her to the city in grand triumphal fashion with great rejoicing. The women of California, and especially of her own home city, are proud indeed of her and of the honor she has brought home for them in the nation. The following day the Friday Morning Club will entertain with a luncheon when five hundred women will sit at the festive board. In the afternoon the Ebell clubhouse will be the scene of a brilliant gathering when she will be the guest of honor at a large reception by the club to which all the clubs and women's organizations of the city will be bidden, making it a civic affair for all the women of the city interested in progress.

P. R.

Muh Lemon-Cullerd Queen

(Danse Nigre)

Yo may was'e yo bref er talkin' 'bout yo choc'lat
cullerd coons,
'N' niggers wid er black 'n' shiny sheen;
Yo may sing uv 'em till judgment in er thousan'
diffunt chunes,
Dey'nt er patchen tuh muh lemon-cullerd queen.

Chicken 'n' taters 'n' possum 'n' greens—
Hoe-cake 'n' corn-fiel' peas,
Dey's might hard tuh beat
When yer's hungry fo tuh eat;
But ole watermillion takes de cheese!
Yaller gals, black gals, gals jes' twix' 'n' tweens—
Vous cullerd gals I'se seen;
Dey's good fo ever day,
But when Sunday comes—go way!
I wants muh lemon-cullerd queen!

Yo may pick upon de banjo; yo may wrassle wid de
bones;
Yo may flip-flap wid yo ole tamberine;
Yo may dance de double shuffle while de fiddle squeaks
'n' groans;
But yo kaint tech muh lemon-cullerd queen!

Jubba, back-step, cut de pidgen wing—
Chicken-in-de-bread-tray, too!
Dey makes yo hump yoself,
But yo has ter ketch yo bref
When I sashay wid muh queen tuh yo
Big gals, little gals, any gals yo bring—
All am gwine tuh tuhn bright green
Out uv envy 'n' uv spite
When dis nigger blows in sight—
Dis nigger 'n' his lemon-cullerd queen!

—W. H. ANDERSON

Shamrocks

Within a highway shady,
In Ireland, dear and green,
I met a lovely lady,
Or rather say colleen.

"Kind sir," she said full sweetly,
"I've shamrocks; won't you buy?"
(She took my heart completely)
"Forsooth, I will," said I.

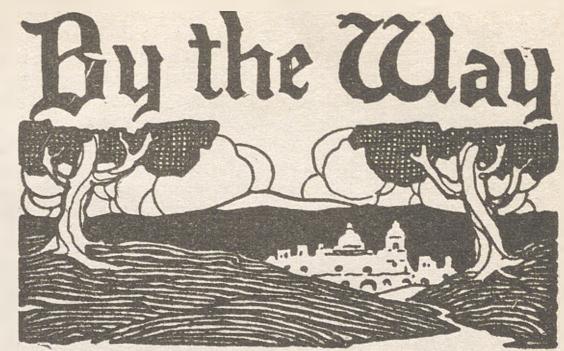
I bought her store, returning
Except what here you see:
These leaves (her blushes burning)
She kissed and gave to me.

All this, my heart remembers,
Was forty years ago;
My brow is like December's,
And hers—the sod below.

Yet still my shamrock, faded,
Is fairer than the flower
Whose fragrance has invaded
And rules this twilight hour.

Until the portal closes
That never open swings,
My love is not for roses—
My love the shamrock sings!

CHARLES G. BLANDEN



Huge Preparedness Parade

Out of the jumble of impressions produced by that great preparedness parade which passed through our streets Wednesday afternoon, there must be one or two that stand out most clearly with every spectator. The one which I find most persistent in my thoughts of this huge gathering was the seriousness with which the demonstration was regarded by most of the participants. For but few of them was it a lark, a joke or bit of physical relaxation from routine work—it was a mighty important thing to them, they were taking the only method at hand to show exactly how they felt on an exceedingly important public question and the expressions on the faces of most of the marchers was one of quiet determination, much such as a religious enthusiast displays in his countenance. Certainly never has Los Angeles seen so many men—and women—in line at one time. Seventy thousand seems a conservative estimate of the number who joined in the parade and seven times seventy thousand assembled along the line of march, to remain for the entire three hours that it took for the close ranks, street wide, to pass a given point. Bernal Dyas is to be congratulated on the manner in which this large number of people was assembled and started on scheduled time. Another thing notable about this parade was the fact that it was so free from attempts at advertising—firms made no effort to distinguish their representatives, except in the larger railway divisions, each composed of a thousand or more men. With the stirring music from two score of bands—nothing was heard except American national airs—and with the wild enthusiasm provoked by the demonstration I venture to opine that if we could have another preparedness parade next week there would be recruited from the spectators of Wednesday an additional hundred thousand marchers to add to those who were in the first line.

Many California Chinese

It came as a surprise to many of us, even those familiar with the number of Chinese in Los Angeles, to behold the several hundred native California born men of that race who turned out to march beneath the banner of the country of their birth. They were exceedingly earnest about it, too—anxious that no hint of a hyphen should attach to them. In fact there was no evidence of a hyphen in the parade, unless we can so miscall the bag-pipes of the Scotch contingent and they were busy blowing "Marching Through Georgia." The Greek Colony made a notable showing, with its own band and plenty of United States flags but none of Constantine's banners in evidence. We may not have had the president to lead our parade, as did the marchers in the Washington preparedness parade held the same day, but in numbers and enthusiasm we were not a whit behind the demonstration in the national capital.

Knight Templar Colors Everywhere

For its preparedness parade Los Angeles probably presented a more gala appearance than any other city where a similar demonstration has been held, but not all the decorations were in red, white and blue, as black more often appeared than blue. That was because never before when the city has entertained the grand conclave of the Knights Templar has decoration for the event been so general. In many cases changes were made Tuesday night to place Old Glory for the Wednesday preparedness parade, but the effect of the Knight Templar colors fitted in well with the general scheme. The Masonic gathering, which opens today, promises to be the greatest in the history of the order.

Ad Club at Polytechnic

Tuesday the Los Angeles Ad Club had a pleasant diversion from its usual weekly down-town luncheons, when it held that function at the Polytechnic High School and learned what the commercial department of that institution is doing to prepare the youth of the city for practical business careers. The Ad and Sales Club of the school was host at a luncheon, at which the speakers were Jesse D. Burks, Mark Keppel, and F. C. Weber, principal of the Polytechnic department of commerce. Following the luncheon the guests were taken on a tour through the commercial department. Particularly were they interested in the work of the advertising department, where under the direction of Miss Lula Holderness, head of the department and herself a practical advertising expert before she took up teaching, there had been prepared many actual advertisements for the leading firms of the city, so that individual members of the club might recognize that the particular styles they have endeavored to follow have been noted and used to advantage in the work of the school. In the advertising department they were also shown three handsomely decorated demonstration store windows which were the subject of much favorable comment.

Wallace Climbs Into Band-Wagon

Former Lieutenant-Governor Wallace upon his return this week from the Progressive convention in Chicago was strangely silent regarding his boom for the Works seat in the United States senate, which may be said to have prematurely blossomed several months

ago when it appeared certain that Theodore would again lead the third party in the national campaign. But from the haste with which the sage of La Crescenta has climbed into the bandwagon in support of Hughes I take it that he is holding forlorn hope that repentant Progressives need not renounce all political aspirations when they return to the Republican fold. Almost the first action of Wallace upon his arrival home was to make plain his personal stand regarding the Republican nomination by announcing that he had "strongly urged Colonel Roosevelt to do all in his power to secure the election of Hughes." Doubtless, with such urging as this, we may soon expect to see the Colonel and the Justice shaking hands in newspaper photographs. But I understand that speculatively inclined persons may obtain excellent odds along Spring street against the possibility of A. J. Wallace writing "Senator" before his name next year.

Athletic Club Entertains Ebells

I am sure that every person at the delightful affair concurred in the gracefully expressed hope of Oscar Lawler at the entertainment given by the Los Angeles Athletic Club for the Ebells Club, Tuesday evening, that it would be but the first of many occasions upon which men's clubs and women's organizations would exchange social courtesies. The Athletic Club has set an example in this regard which well may be followed by other organizations and the gathering Tuesday night was a most enjoyable one. The Ebells guests, following a fine program, were shown about the gymnasium and swimming pool, exhibition dancing was given in the ballroom and a charming buffet supper was served in the beautiful main dining room. From exclamations of feminine delight which I overheard I anticipate that it will not be long before the men will be tactfully informed that a repetition of the affair will be appreciated.

Spirited Eaglet Flitting Northward

Talented Marjorie Davis, who was recently rather noisily and somewhat injudiciously "press-agented" in the local papers by well-meaning and thoughtless friends and others interested, as direct "from the ribbon counter of a Chicago store" is going to San Francisco, I hear, with the Maude Fulton company tomorrow night to get "road experience." She hopes to return to Los Angeles again later to rejoin the Morosco forces here. This plucky little woman has confessed to seasons of disappointment, a bit of disillusionment, of loneliness and homesickness since her arrival in Los Angeles; the oath to stardom is not all roses apparently. "However," she said bravely, "I did not expect smooth sailing into meriting the public attention. There is so much to learn; my experience has been so limited as yet, but I am determined to win out despite all difficulties." It was through her exceptional performances at Hull House that Miss Davis was first marked by my friend Mrs. Mary Aldis of Chicago as particularly talented and was given a lead in Mrs. Aldis' own play at the Lake Forest Little Theater. She also has appeared in "Overtones," Helene Lackaye's clever sketch just shown at the Orpheum. Having been commended to our special attention by eastern friends and by reason of her own charming personality and genuine talent The Graphic feels a personal interest in this aspiring young artist. I wish her success and an early return to Los Angeles.

Heat Has No Terrors For Him

With a reckless disregard for the 100-degrees-fahrenheit climate of Imperial Valley, Guy Price, the Evening Herald's genial dramatic critic, is planning to venture down into that torrid zone for his summer vacation. And what is worse—many degrees worse—he is waiting until the Fourth of July or an equally hot day in August on which to make his incursion. Accompanied by his wife, Mr. Price will make the trip in his automobile. He says he plans to carry an ample supply of ice and is preparing a fifty-fifty mixture of ice-water and gasoline for his gas tank. With the 1001 "persistent purveyors of publicity" "hot-footing-it" into the sacred precincts of Mr. Price's cubby-hole office at the Herald during his absence, it is probable that his temporary successor will have as "hot" a time during Mr. Price's vacation trip as will the Herald's dramatic critic himself.

Californians in New York

Barney Bernard, that clever Los Angeles newspaper man who has been doing such excellent press agent work for Thomas H. Ince's "Civilization" film in New York, is not the only member of the Bernard family who has found in this production the opportunity to impress the metropolis. I hear that Barney's wife, the talented Kathryn Bernard, is doing solo work with "Civilization" at the Criterion and has impressed the musical critics quite as favorably as has the Ince spectacle the dramatic contingent. Mrs. Bernard has been in New York studying voice since February. She is favorably known here, where she appeared in many recitals. There are many other Los Angelans and Pasadenaans in New York just now, correspondents write me. Chief of Police Claire E. Snively and the lovely Mrs. Snively have been there while the chief was attending the police convention across the river at Newark. Mr. and Mrs. Gamble Reighard of Pasadena have just reached New York after a tour of South America in the course of which they visited all the principal cities of the southern continent. Gamble writes me he has returned full of enthusiasm for the beauties of South America which he declares cannot be too extravagantly described. I hope his impressions will sometime see the light of print. The Reighards were met in New York by Gamble's mother. Yet another bit of gossip about Californians or former Californians—I hear that Mr. and Mrs. William Sanborn Young, Mrs. Young being formerly Ruth Comfort Mitchell, daughter of John S. Mitchell, president of our Chamber of Commerce, have broken up their New York menage for the summer. Mrs. Young will go to

San Francisco to superintend the plans for a fine new bungalow they expect to build at Los Gatos, where they will pass several months every year. From San Francisco Mrs. Young will come to Los Angeles for a visit and will be joined here by her husband, who has entirely recovered from his recent operation for appendicitis. As Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Mrs. Young was one of the most promising of the younger California poets and I am delighted to observe that her marriage has not interfered with her literary labors.

Shakespeare as Station Agent

In the ordinarily uninteresting bulletin of general orders issued by the Lehigh Valley Railroad will be found the following announcement of startling import in Stratford-on-Avon, London, Los Angeles and several way stations between: "Effective May 16, 1916, Mr. William Shakespeare is appointed agent at South Bay, N. Y., vice W. M. Mott transferred." By William Shakespeare, the singing master of London who now makes his home for at least a part of the year in Los Angeles, I am assured he has not forsaken music as a profession. Direct word has not yet been received from the immortal bard but it is to be assumed he is not the William who will hereafter lend his urbane presence to South Bay, N. Y., where the local commercial club should extend Mr. Shakespeare a vote of thanks for the distinction he has conferred on that humble hamlet.

Yorick Discusses the Express

Evidently the publications of Edwin T. Earl have not a large circulation in San Diego for Yorick of the Union of that city admits it was an anonymous person who supplied him with clippings of those "Shame of San Diego" articles by which Edwin has sought to express through the Los Angeles Express and Tribune his virtuous emotions concerning conditions prevailing at Tia Juana, Mexico, and for which he proposes, apparently, to hold the citizens of our southern neighbor personally responsible. But having by inference conveyed the impression that he does not consider the Earl publications of sufficient importance for his ordinary perusal, Yorick departs from satirical subtlety and remarks: "It is not my intention to answer the Express. There is no adequate reason why a gentleman should answer the Los Angeles Express. A common scold is unanswerable save in the language with which Dan O'Connell answered the billingsgate of the fishwife. The editorial excerpts which the anonymous Los Angeles person sends to me are all in the snarling, nagging strain that characterizes every utterance of the Los Angeles Express in relation to San Diego. They breathe petty spite as a village gossip spreads her little scandals; they are as compact of falsehood as a dicer's oath. . . . Perhaps, it is just as well to let the Los Angeles Express betray its spite and jealousy by wholesale invective upon an entire community. The falsity of the accusation is thereby made more palpable, and nobody will believe any of it."

Uplifters Plan Country Home

I see my fellow Uplifters of the Los Angeles Athletic Club have been affected by the summer madness and are pining for a home in the country. They have a comprehensive scheme for following the example of certain of the country and gun clubs which in addition to providing places of diversion have proved fortunate investments for their members, because of the unearned increment on club properties. The Uplifters propose to obtain forty or sixty acres, either in the mountains or near the coast, where the club will erect necessary buildings, such as kitchen, dining room and assembly or club rooms and where the members will provide their own tents or cabins. While a certain space will be reserved in the club rooms at all times for the exclusive use of the men, most of the property will be open to their families during the entire season except at the time the annual outing of the Uplifters is held. The club will put in tennis courts, a swimming pool and other facilities for outdoor sports. To finance the undertaking it is proposed to form a stock company with hundred dollar shares and the anticipations of those back of the movement that there will be a liberal subscription seem justified. Are the Uplifters planning to have a southern rival for the famous Bohemian grove of the north?

Improvements for Salt Lake Road

One and a third million dollars for improvements and a large proportion of it to be expended right here in Los Angeles for materials, such is the program for the Salt Lake road in the present fiscal year, Tom Peck tells me. These betterments are included in the 1916 budget prepared by General Manager H. C. Nutt and approved by former Senator Clark and Judge Lovett. The budget provides \$547,000 for new ninety pound rails, \$260,000 for bridges and \$511,000 for miscellaneous improvements. Several hundred men will be employed to carry out the new work and greater activity will be displayed along the entire system. Constantly increased traffic over this short cut to Los Angeles from the intermountain states justifies the extra investments, in the opinion of the management.

Shasta Water as Fire Extinguisher

Coolness under fire is an attribute greatly to be desired in officers of the law. In a literal sense it was displayed by one of Chief Snively's men the other day. A large, jovial policeman had joined a Spring street sidewalk crowd which was admiring a new model automobile drawn up beside the curb, when his attention was called to the awning directly above him, which was in flames, presumably started by a dropped match or cigarette from an upper story of the building. The officer calmly regarded the fire for a moment, then leisurely let down the awning, which was drawn up against the building. Having performed this duty he slowly sauntered off. About the time a more nervous individual had turned in an alarm the policeman returned, coming from the direction of a nearby bar and

bringing with him an ordinary bottle of Shasta water, which he proceeded to squirt at the flaming canvas. Nearby storekeepers joined with more common liquid and before the chemical engine arrived the fire was out and the policeman was able to return the bottle to its owner, still half full of its bubbling contents.

Tom Prior Shows Finesse

Although Tom Prior of Venice is no longer an active newspaper man I see his hand has not lost its cunning nor his brain its imaginative resource. De Moss Bowers, "an archaeologist of Santa Monica," is credited with the discovery of a set of primitive dental tools in the beach sand there which are taken conclusively to prove that the ancient inhabitants of Southern California were the first people to enjoy (?) dentistry. It is interesting to note that the discovery was "made by workmen for Col. Thomas W. Prior at the entrance to the Fraser pier, Ocean Park." The yarn is so good that the New York Sun accorded it top of page space. Thus is the east made aware that there is a Fraser pier at Ocean Park, California. This is nice work, Tom.

Passing of Acton Davies

It was a sad blow which came to Maitland Davies of the Tribune this week in the sudden death of his distinguished brother. Acton Davies, the famous dramatic critic, in Chicago. Acton Davies was, with the possible exception of Metcalf of *Life*, the most powerful and fearless of later day dramatic authorities, possessed of a clear, discriminating taste in matters theatrical in which his Los Angeles brother seems to share in a large degree. Two years ago he retired from active work as a newspaper critic and devoted himself to more thoughtful articles, as well as to the business side of the theater. He will be sadly missed in stage circles.

To Teach East Advertising

From the personnel of the delegation from the Los Angeles Ad Club to the twelfth convention of the Associated Ad Clubs, to be held this year in Philadelphia, I imagine that when a final balance has been struck the other delegates at the affair will find they have learned as much about this absorbing subject from the Los Angelans as the latter have acquired from the experts who are to address the gathering. Fruit, Flowers and Wine are three of the most important representatives traveling with the local contingent, now on its way east, and they are expected to contribute adequate "full-page displays" to the advertising of Southern California. Among the twenty persons making up the Los Angeles party and insuring its familiarity with its duties as a publicity promotion aggregation are Harold Janss, president of the local club, Bruce O. Bliven, Len Behymer, T. F. Pierce, Fletcher Ford and others to whom advertising has all the fascination of a combined profession and art.

Makes Bust of Beloved Bishop

Those who have been fortunate enough to see the bust of the late Bishop Conaty upon which Julia Bracken Wendt has been engaged of late, tell me this is likely to prove the most notable recent work of that talented woman sculptor. The bust is being made for Miss S. E. Lynch, niece of the late bishop, and will be placed in the Conaty residence on Harvard boulevard. It is to be hoped that eventually the bust, which is slightly more than life size, will find a position in a public building, like the Southwest Museum, where another example of Mrs. Wendt's art, a bust of Charles F. Lummis, is soon to be placed. No more fitting tribute to the memory of the beloved bishop would be possible than a statue from the cunning hands of this sincere artist.

Artists' Tea Room

Several months ago The Graphic made mention of a fine collection of art pictures purchased by the management of the Pig 'n Whistle at the San Francisco Exposition and transferred to the local store on Broadway. That was an unusual and commendable move and has I trust been duly appreciated by the Los Angeles public. Now comes the announcement that this enterprising and energetic firm, with an eye to the esthetic side of its business has departed from the beaten tracks and will supply an artists' tea room, it might be termed. A series of one-man shows will serve to display the works of local artists. The first of these opened last week in the quiet little tea room at the rear of the shop, which has been converted into a well lighted gallery with dull gold walls that offer a rich background for the pictures hung. Seven canvases by John H. Rich were displayed in the first showing. "The Blue Kimona," "Solitaire," "Blue and Gold," "The Debutante," and others indicate the artist's penchant for pretty girls, as artistic subjects particularly, and for azure hues. I regard this as a most interesting departure and calculated to attract wide attention.

Acrostic

Over the crest of San Antonio
Hovers the eagle screaming in delight.

Majestic mountain rearing snowy white
Your yielding bosom to the sunrise glow.

Cowers the loon where living waters flow
And in the meadow golden poppies bright
Lie amid waving corn—a wondrous sight
In the blue haze where linnets come and go.
For me the hours fly swift in this fair land.
O, how I love its tawny desert vast
Reflected in the sky. And best of all
Neath olives gray or almond pink to stand.
I love to watch the sea birds sailing past
And hear the heron to the morning call.

—WILLIAM VAN WYCK

Music



By W. Francis Gates

AT the first performance of a Wagnerian opera by the Constantino company at the auditorium, last Wednesday night, part of the audience said it saw and heard "Lohengrin" and part said it didn't. The orchestra was there and the costumes were there and certain solo voices were there—but that does not mean a performance of "Lohengrin." The cast included Constantino, Picchi, Giovachini, Silva, Mmes. Virginie and Lynnbrook. With this cast each role was well taken care of, from a vocal viewpoint, if one except the Herald's. This was the first performance in which I had heard Lynnbrook and I found her vocal delivery pleasing, a solid, sure voice, well-handled. She has not, however, the facial mobility which is essential to the expression of the "hate-some" role of Ortrud. When one passes to the general ensemble, perhaps, silence would best become the occasion. The chorus evidently never had read the libretto, or even the "Story of the Opera," circulated in the audience. Nor was it more than partially acquainted with the choral section of the score. As to stage management, there seemed to be little or none. According to the manual and ocular expressions of the chorus, Lohengrin arrived from several different points at once and, at any rate, he was an unimportant personage to a number of them as they kept their backs turned on his arrival. "The Kink" on his throne, took the figurines or figurettes or suffragettes that carried his robe by their shoulders and placed them to his liking. The performance would have been quite good for a first rehearsal—which it came near to being—but under a masterful hand, the forces of the company could be licked into a good performance with half-a-dozen more rehearsals. It is a mistake for a quickly gathered company like this to attempt the more serious operas. It matters less what they may do to the old Italian guitar school of operas.

Gamut Club had a "feast of reason" in addition to its "flow of soul" at its June club dinner last week. There were speeches galore, from an eloquent panegyric on Shakespeare down to a verbose history of the religious and philosophical speeches made at the San Francisco exposition. The former was by the one honorary member of the club who resides in Los Angeles, or at least is alleged to reside here, B. R. Baumgardt, the erudite and popular lecturer. Other speakers were Leo Cherniavski, in a short and neat appreciation of the club; Mrs. D. C. McCann on the need of a civic auditorium; Hans Linne on his own Orpheum success; Sidney Sprague on Persian music; Howard Edie on something in general; Mr. McGeehee on folk songs and life among the lower classes in Japan—he having tasted all sorts there, from tutor to the royal princes to mendicant monk; and L. E. Behymer on his early experiences in Los Angeles, though the San Francisco philosophies did put "B" in a rather hard place to keep people entertained, i. e., the last speaker at a three hour dinner. The hit of the evening was made by Mrs. Sprague, a native of Persia. The music was not so much in quantity but was made up in quality; several numbers each by Cordelia Lie, violinist and Mrs. Parsons Hunt, pianist, formerly touring with Maud Powell, with a series of vocal contortions presented by Mr. McGeehee as illustrations of the Japanese folk tunes.

Music is no small part of any gathering at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Behymer, and on the occasion of the celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of their advent to Los Angeles, last week, the record for good music as well as good cheer was sustained by the several numbers given by Clifford Lott, Cordelia Lie and Beatrice Hubbell Plummer. Mr. Lott was especially pleasing in a song by Hugo Kaun, formerly of Milwaukee, and Mrs. Plummer sang three delightful little songs of her own. Miss Lie presented several violin numbers with graceful expression, with Mrs. Hennion Robinson at the piano. Mrs.

Lott having, as a matter of course, played her husband's accompaniments. When I left, toward the witching hour, "B" was keeping his auditors in a roar of laughter at his recital of circumstances and events of his career as an impresario in Los Angeles, with especial reference to musical and personal conditions here a quarter of a century ago. Following this, Mrs. Behymer made her maiden speech, which I am assured was a great success.

Speaking of Miss Lie's playing at two affairs last week reminds me of her experiences abroad, showing how an enterprising young girl can make a success of life. A few years ago this beautiful violinist undertook a tour of Russia, and going from a prairie state to conquer musical Russia is no small task. The results of that tour rest in her violin case, for its proceeds went to the purchase of her Carlo Bergonzi violin, which cost her more than \$4,000. It takes faith in the future to make an investment like that. Which reminds me that at a Gamut club table recently there were seated together Mrs. Marie Tiffany, Blanche Ebert and Cordelia Lie—all of Norwegian descent and if any country has a more pulchritudinous trio in the musical ranks to present I would like to see it. Of course I am, like Norway, neutral, but at the same time hold a Miserous attitude.

In the long list of graduates of the University of Southern California, the College of Music presented its share at the recent commencement festivities as follows: diploma piano and theory, Alma Zaidee Stegner; certificate piano and theory, Mrs. Grace Winters Bishop, Allie Mae Franklin, Theta Mae Lynn, Bessie Frances Martin, Pearl Elsie Rebhan and Pauline Marie Pearce; certificate voice and theory, Mrs. Marion Elizabeth Hauck and Harriet Alma Welch.

One feature of the Gamut club festivities that is growing more and more interesting is the singing of the Orpheus Tri-Quartet, under J. P. Dupuy. Seated at their own table this lucky thirteen "bursts into melody" whenever the spirit—East Side—moves them and often are called on for extra numbers. Most of these are songs which the public hears at the Orpheus club concerts, which is sufficient guarantee for their musical qualities.

In its determination to give the proceeds of its concert to the building fund of the Symphony association, the Woman's Lyric Club has set an example which, if it is followed by other clubs and concert givers may result in quite an addition to the exchequer of the project. This is the one big musical thing set before Los Angeles to do in the near future. Were it not well started, it might seem a large project for the musical community to undertake; but with the large fund already accumulated and promised there seems no uncertainty. This hall is not simply a promise; by the funds collected it is partly an achievement and with the musical and financial forces pulling together another year may see the building well under way.

As Los Angeles has declined to vote bonds to take care of its sewage, to improve its streets or to erect its public buildings, there seems little probability that it soon will vote any to improve the property it bought for civic auditorium purposes. The disgust of the citizens with the high taxes and the prospect of higher ones has led to a veto of needed improvements, and it is not likely that a city auditorium will meet much better fate, if put to vote. Were the symphony hall not about to be realized, it would be a good idea to build the auditorium by popular subscription.

Estelle Heartt Dreyfus will give a program of opera airs before the Ebell Club June 19, assisted by Mrs. Hennion Robinson.

One of the new singers which the Constantino company introduced to Los Angeles was Marguerite Buckler, who took the part of Gilda in "Rigoletto" last week. She gave a pleasing account of her abilities and progress and is a singer

of marked promise. It is stated she will sing with the Chicago opera company next season.

Winifred Hooke, London pianist, gave a private recital at Blanchard hall last Friday afternoon and though her program was short, it showed her command of the resources of her instrument and demonstrated that she is an unusually capable pianist. She plans other recitals for next season.

What "tommy-rot" one does see in the newspapers on musical subjects. This trite observation is called out again by the statement that a little boy is "a thorough artist and musician." That would be praise enough for a Saint-Saens, a Godowsky or a Clarence Eddy. What is left for the boy to achieve? He is "thorough."

Dorothy Hess, violinist, assisted by Mildred Jamison, pianist, and Will Garraway, accompanist, was heard in a recital of well-chosen violin numbers at the Gamut Club auditorium, last Tuesday night. Miss Hess proved herself well grounded in violin technic and played with a nice appreciation of the sentiment of the compositions. The difficulty of her selections puts her well up toward the artist class.

Marked advance in the methods of teaching music to children was shown in the concert given by the little pupils of Maud Ayer Meserve at the Gamut Club last Saturday afternoon. Many adults are put to shame by the cleverness and musical development of these little folk.

Of more than musical interest to the members of the Friday Morning club, last week, was the recital given by Miss Leila Holterhoff, soprano, the daughter of one of the charter members of the club. Miss Holterhoff scored a success on this occasion paralleling that which she has made in many places in the east.

L. E. Behymer has been honored again, this time by the American Pageant association, which has elected the local impresario to the board of directors of said association. There is no one in the west who has had more experience in entertainment business than Mr. Behymer, or who keeps better informed on what is being done in the matter of pageants, civic entertainments and public amusements generally.

Notes From Bookland

Among the plays recently recommended by "America" as especially suitable for stock or amateur theatrical entertainment, Quinneys' by Horace Annesley Vachell (George H. Doran Company) has first place. Quinneys', it may be remembered, was one of the few clean plays that enjoyed a successful run in New York last year. The dialogue and characters were very amusing and the dramatic ability required does not seem to be beyond the capacity of amateurs.

Edfrid A. Bingham, whose first novel, "The Heart of Thunder Mountain," has already attained a third printing, is a former journalist who is chief scenario editor for a big moving picture company. He is now at work on another novel.

Jeffery Farnol, whose eyesight prevents him from enlisting in the British army, is already at work on another long novel to follow "Beltane the Smith."

There is something so convincing as well as alluring about "Adventures in Thrift," by Anna Steese Richardson, that the woman who reads it is immediately tempted to put the adventures to the

test. The increasing cost of living makes this book of real value to every housekeeper in the land and the fact that domestic efficiency and economy are potent factors in any scheme of national preparedness gives it a peculiar timeliness.

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Cheaters

By Robert O. Foote

REALLY, you know, it is the really most remarkable, really unusual and all that, you know—why, it is really conceded by everyone to be really the most remarkable, really unique, don't you know," exhibition of that fugitive thing known as personality on the vaudeville stage. Thus may we borrow from Marie Cahill's own remarks to describe this woman who seems so justly entitled to the "so-different" trade-mark which she claims for herself. There is nothing different about her material, except in that it gives a convincing demonstration that Marie Cahill can make anything go, for it largely consists of popular songs so old they were new to a portion of the audiences. There is much of Marie to laugh at, becomingly gowned, there is a fascinatingly contagious smile and a squeaky little voice and there is that quality of "putting it over" which she, above any other comedienne, seems to possess. She makes

singers, are holdovers who complete the current bill.

Gladys Smith Wins Plaudits

In valedictory to faculty, students and Wallis Dramatic School audiences Miss Gladys Smith appeared last Monday evening at Gamut theater, in "The Judas Sister." Miss Smith's work in an intensely emotional role gave a remarkably artistic interpretation. She was supported by a student cast composed of Winnifred Coster, Mabel Anderson, Virginia Nelson, Lou E. Rall, tiny Iva Ruth Shafer, Robert Waddell, Thomas Brown, Charles Maurice le Valle and Lawrence Jackson, who gave a performance marked by earnestness and attention to minor detail that won the popular favor and the commendation of their directors.

Pavlowa Coming Soon

Anna Pavlowa and her organization will appear at the Majestic Theater,



MARIE CAHILL AT THE ORPHEUM NEXT WEEK

the Orpheum bill this week decidedly worth while. Avoirdupois seems to be a valuable asset to comedians. Ben Linn also displays it in abundance. Whether Ben is funny because he is fat or is fat because he is funny, let us not try to determine, merely letting the question pass with the statement that he is both. Dorothy Toye is a girl said to possess "two grand opera voices." Two distinct voices she does possess, a soprano and a tenor, but there may be doubt as to their grand opera quality, depending upon the kind of opera one has in mind. But at least they are well differentiated and are not freakish. Willing, Bentley and Willing are "Scrappy Coons" whose jokes handicap their turn. The Statues pose in a manner long familiar to vaudeville. Helene Lackaye in the novelty "Overtones," Joe Laurie and Aileen Bronson in their really clever "patter" and James Conlin, Lillian Steele and Eddie Parks, diverting dancers and

June 26. The public will be gratified to know that arrangements have been definitely made for the appearance of the wonderful Russian dancer in this city, and the event has exceptional interest.

"Canary Cottage" Continues

Sunday night Oliver Morosco's comedy with music, "Canary Cottage" will begin its fifth big week at the Mason Opera House, where for the last four weeks it has played to capacity audiences with many performances where hundreds were turned away. The success of "Canary Cottage," which is the most talked of play of the year on the Pacific Coast, is attributable to the fact that it is the most ambitious production in costly costuming and beautiful settings that has ever been seen on the Pacific Coast. It was written by Oliver Morosco and Elmer Harris, and its score of song hits are the work of Earl Carroll. In the cast are Trixie Friganza,

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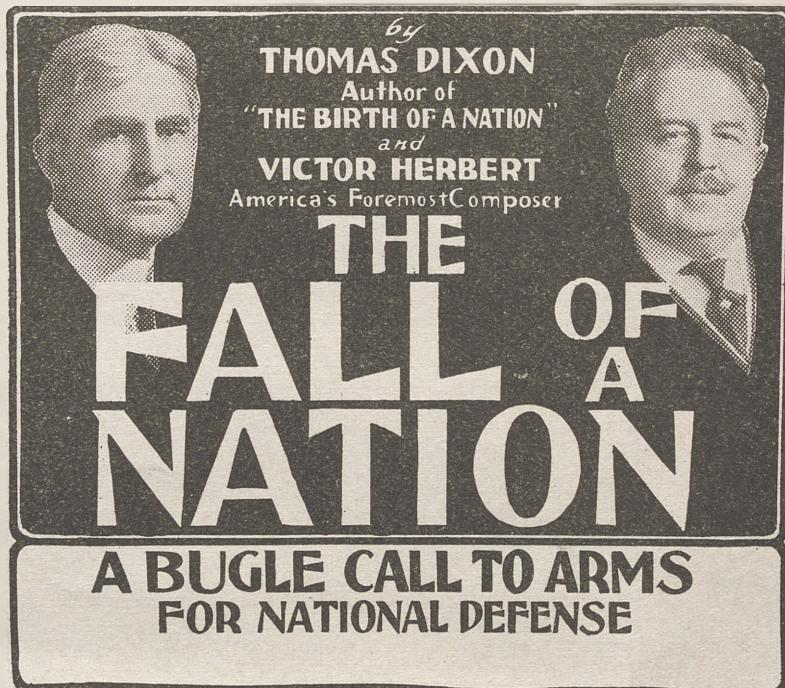
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Regular Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

"CANARY COTTAGE"

With a Typical Morosco Star Cast Including Trixie Friganza, Herbert Corthell, Eunice Burnham, Louise Orth, Morin Sisters, Charles Ruggles, Laurence Wheat, Eddie Cantor, Grace Ellsworth, Edwards Bros. A London and Paris Fashion Chorus The New Comedy with Music, "Canary Cottage" is by Oliver Morosco and Elmer Harris with Lyrics and Music by Earl Carroll. Morosco's Los Angeles Special Prices Nights and Sat. Matinee, 25c to \$1.00; Wednesday Matinee, 25c, 50c.

Orpheum

THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE

Every Night at 8, 10-25-75c. Boxes \$1. Matinee at 2 DAILY, 10-25-50c, boxes 75c. Saturday and Holiday Mats. Night Prices.

Last week, MARIE CAHILL, who is so different "THE RIVER OF SOULS," a Chinese Drama; BONITA & LEW HEARN, Bits of Musical Comedy; GOMEZ TRIO, Spanish Peasant Dances; SVENGALI, Dog with Human Brain; DOROTHY TOYE, Two-voiced Prima Donna; WILLING, BENTLY & WILLING, "Scrappy Coons;" THE STATUES, Acrobatic Novelty. Orchestral Concerts 2 and 8 p. m. Pathe twice-a-week News Views.

BURBANK THEATRE

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THIRD BIG WEEK BEGINS MONDAY EVENING

"Mile-A-Minute Kendall"

By OWEN DAVIS. This Play Opens in New York October 1 at \$2.00 Prices. The Greatest Fun Show in Years

Burbank Prices: Nights, 10-20-30-50-75c; Mats. Wed., Sat. and Sun., 10-25-50c.

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Week Starting Monday. William Fox Presents Fascinating Theda Bara In a Wonderful Moving Picture Revival of "East Lynne" the Internationally Famous Stage Success Added Attraction: International News Service and "Mutt and Jeff in the Movies"

GARRICK

Eighth & Broadway

Second Week Beginning Sunday, June 18th

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

in "THE FIREMAN"

Hear Powell's Superb Orchestra New This Week—Burr McIntosh in "MY PARTNER"

Charles Ruggles, Herbert Corbett, Laurence Wheat, Eunice Burnham, Eddie Cantor, Louise Orth, Grace Ellsworth, the Morin Sisters, and the Edwards Brothers, and each have distinguished themselves among those who love good comedy, and the success of the production is growing daily.

Marie Cahill to Remain

Marie Cahill will continue to top the bill at the Orpheum for a second week, opening Monday. Miss Cahill has a method of merriment all her own. With the bill next week there will come two headline acts, "The River of Souls," a Chinese drama presented by Martin Beck, and Bonita and Lew Hearn, the reunited comedy duo. "The River of Souls" is from the pen of John L. Golden and was first given by the Lambs' Club. In the feminine role Mr. Beck has featured Miss Felice Morris, who is surrounded by an excellent company. Bonita, a sumptuous stage beauty and Lew Hearn, a weazened little fun maker and foil are playing together again and their return will be more than welcome. The Gomez trio from Spain will give the true style of dancing of their native land. Svengali, called the human-brained dog, will also be on the bill. From this week there will remain over Willing, Bently and Willing, the scrappy coons, Dorothy Toye, the double voiced prima donna,

wonderful work in the same line for "Canary Cottage" has been the talk of Los Angeles. In the cast will be Mary Servoss, regarded as one of the greatest actresses of this country, Leo Carrillo, the foremost artist of dialect of the American stage, and a particular favorite in Los Angeles because of the fact that his family is so well known here. Courtenay Foote, accomplished leading man, Lola May, famous for her beauty and ability, Paul Harvey, Roberta Arnold, Fred Tidden, Grace Travers, Joseph Eggerton, Ida St. Leon, Howard Scott Jack Belgrave, Mlle. Fovieri, William McDonald, and others. The story of "Upstairs and Down" affords a unique divertissement of stage craft in presenting the entertaining happening of the "Upstairs," or living quarters during a big house party on Long Island, in contrast with equally human events transpiring in the kitchen, or servants' quarters.

Mighty Plea for Preparedness

Although the synopsis of Thomas Dixon's historical epic, "The Fall of a Nation," has not been given out in its entirety, advance descriptions indicate that it blazes the way of revolutionary progress in motion pictures, especially in the prologue which has almost the importance of an independent work. Dixon's previous "Clansmen" scenario, out of which Griffith made "The Birth



SCENE FROM "FALL OF A NATION"

and the Statues. The orchestral concerts and Pathé news views will complete the program. June 26 the Orpheum is to hold its fifth anniversary celebration in its Broadway house, with an especially strong bill.

Third Week for Comedy

When "Mile a Minute Kendall" opened at the Burbank Theatre and became the fun sensation of Los Angeles overnight, it was a foregone conclusion that one week would not be sufficient to supply the tremendous demand for seats for this comedy production. In view of the fact that "Mile a Minute Kendall" is intended for Broadway, New York, in the near future, Mr. Morosco decided to remove the one week rule at the Burbank, and "Mile a Minute Kendall" will begin its third week at the Burbank Theater Monday night. Its author, Owen Davis, arrived in Los Angeles early last week and with Oliver Morosco has been whipping the comedy into shape. Heading the cast of fun makers in this unique automobile comedy, are Edith Lyle, Harry Mestayer, and Frank Darien, while the cast includes all of the Burbank favorites in roles that are particularly suited to their qualifications. There will be the usual matinees on Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday of the third big week of "Mile a Minute Kendall."

New Comedy at Morosco

Oliver Morosco will present one of the biggest dramatic comedy productions of the year Sunday afternoon, June 18, at the Morosco Theater, when he presents for the first time on any stage, Frederick and Fannie Locke Hatton's latest play, "Upstairs and Down." Mr. Morosco has drawn probably the most notable cast of dramatic artists ever seen in a western production for this play, and it has been produced under the personal direction of Hobart Milton, Morosco's chief stage director, who was brought here from New York expressly for this purpose. The scenic equipment has been designed by Robert McQuinn, whose

of a Nation," told the long history of slavery days. But in the prologue of "The Fall of a Nation" Mr. Dixon has undertaken the far more difficult task of tracing in a thousand feet of film the progress of the world's struggle 'twixt liberty and tyranny, from 1550 A. D. down to the present. Church of England persecution of the Non-conformists; Catholic persecution of the Huguenots by revoking the Edict of Nantes; Russian Greek church persecution of Jews and Catholics in Poland; the English Catholics' winning of freedom by founding the colony in Maryland; the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in Massachusetts; the exile of Roger Williams by the Congregationalists to Rhode Island and his friendly welcome by the Indians; the reading of President Monroe's historic message to Congress whereby he made both the Americas nurseries of freedom; these are the links of a strongly welded chain of historic events. For America is the new home of all the oppressed nationalities and sects, the realization of their dream, and the heritage for which they must fight should the Old World, swollen by the arrogance of recent military conquest, strive to impose its ideals upon us. "The motion picture," observed Mr. Dixon, "is the finest vehicle of historic exposition ever devised. I can teach more history in fifteen minutes of motion pictures than in six months of the library or the class room. I have tried to show what America means to us, the polyglot nationalities of which we are composed. A rapid survey of nearly 400 years of history serves the purpose and leads up to the story of 'The Fall of a Nation' proper which tells what these polyglot peoples did when threatened by the extinction of the national life." Mr. Dixon, mindful of the personal element so essential in popular entertainments, has interwoven a love story with the main plot. This latter turns at the end on the heroism of American women in coming to the rescue of their country when in the hands of a foreign emperor leagued with traitors within our gates and in particular with a modern Benedict Arnold whose love of gold and power and whose foreign financial affiliations have caused him to espouse the imperial side and have made him the Viceroy or Governor-General of "the province of the United States." The Dixon story contains new imaginative twists that mark it out strikingly from the ruck of preparedness films. It was staged in the last eight months at and around the Dixon studios at Hollywood, with Arthur Shirley and Lorraine Huling in the leading roles, Percy Standing as the Benedict Arnold, and C. E. Geldert as the imperial commander. Many of the types of the nationalities such as the Polish and Italian, were used in the picture. In all, twenty thousand people took part in the

MOROSCO THEATRE

Oliver Morosco, Lessee

Prices: Nights, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

BEGINNING SUNDAY MATINEE, JUNE 18

Oliver Morosco Offers for the First Time Anywhere

"UPSTAIRS AND DOWN"

By Frederick and Fannie Locke Hatton

Produced Under the Personal Direction of Robert Milton

With Scenic Effects by Robert McQuinn

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NINE DAYS BEGINNING SATURDAY

MARGUERITE CLARK IN "SILKS AND SATINS"



tors within our gates and in particular with a modern Benedict Arnold whose love of gold and power and whose foreign financial affiliations have caused him to espouse the imperial side and have made him the Viceroy or Governor-General of "the province of the United States." The Dixon story contains new imaginative twists that mark it out strikingly from the ruck of preparedness films. It was staged in the last eight months at and around the Dixon studios at Hollywood, with Arthur Shirley and Lorraine Huling in the leading roles, Percy Standing as the Benedict Arnold, and C. E. Geldert as the imperial commander. Many of the types of the nationalities such as the Polish and Italian, were used in the picture. In all, twenty thousand people took part in the



Thomas Dixon

battle arrays, mob and conspiracy scenes. A battery of sixteen cameras was employed. The military costumes were all executed from designs of the uniforms now used in Europe and America. New 40-centimeter guns were made and patented for use in the greater scenes. Victor Herbert has composed the music for the orchestra which has been in active rehearsal for the last ten days. The production will be put on at Clune's Auditorium, beginning Monday evening, June 19.

Offerings of the Screen

In plot "The Gutter Magdalene," which has been the attraction at Woodley's this week, is simple enough, composed as it is of material which has been used frequently on stage and screen, but seldom with such success as in this photoplay in which Fannie Ward's artistic skill is so well displayed. It is the tale of a girl who is converted by kindly Salvation Army workers and who eventually finds true love and real happiness. Trite enough in its theme, it might have proved trite in picturization had it not been handled with an unusual degree of discrimination by Miss Ward and an excellent supporting company.

A charming resort for luncheon, dinner or supper.

Special Business Men's Luncheon served daily at the popular price of 75 cents.

Special After Theatre Supper served nightly for One Dollar.

Anita Stewart has been showing her abilities at the Superba this week in "The Suspect," a story of the Russian spy system which, while it is much like others of its class, gives her many opportunities for brilliant acting. "The Suspect" is, photographically, of unusually high quality and if one is willing to overlook the lack of logic in the story's construction may be regarded as pleasing screen entertainment. It has a big moment in the marriage of the son of the Warsaw minister of police, while in a state of aphasia, to the woman who is the guiding spirit of the Russian terrorists. This is but a sample of the thrills provided for spectators.

Jose Collins used to be one of our comic opera favorites, but those who go to Miller's this week to see her in the photoplay "A Woman's Honor" are, if they have not been warned by the title, in for a big surprise, for Jose's principal efforts are devoted to making us weep. It is the old, old story of the innocent girl lured into sin but it is redeemed by the fact that the Collins beauty is of a type that is as appealing on the screen as on the stage.

Chaplin's "Fireman" to Continue

Charlie Chaplin's second Mutual release, "The Fireman," which has been shown this week at the Garrick and will be continued next week, is a whirl of fun and laughter that compares favorably with the best work he has yet done on the screen. With the assistance of Edith Purviance, Chaplin introduces burlesque love-making into scenes which rank as the climax of comic absurdity and his acrobatic feats in sliding down poles and dodging fire engines are marvelous in point of agility. An additional Garrick feature next week will be Burr McIntosh in "My Partner."

"Gilded Spider" at Superba

At the Superba next week there will be shown "The Gilded Spider," featuring Lon Chaney, and in which Louise

(Continued on Page Thirteen)



Social & Personal

By Ruth Burke Stephens

INTERESTING news announced last Tuesday, which caused a flutter of surprise to Pasadena and Los Angeles society circles, as well as throughout the East, was the engagement of Miss Kate Grosvenor Fowler, daughter of the late Mr. Eldridge M. Fowler, to Mr. Van Santvoord Merle-Smith, of New York, a prominent young attorney. Mr. Merle-Smith is the son of Dr. Wilston Merle-Smith, pastor of the Central Presbyterian church of New York. Miss Fowler is an heiress in her own right, having inherited millions from her father who was a lumber and metal magnate. She is a leader in society circles, but above all else Miss Fowler is a philanthropist. She has assisted and financed deserving institutions and individuals beyond number. Shortly after Miss Fowler graduated from Vassar College, about four years ago she made a tour of the world and while in London was presented at King George's court. It was also while on this two years tour that she met Mr. Merle-Smith, while the party were in Egypt. Miss Fowler has been one of the chief benefactors in connection with the George Junior Republic at Chino and occupies an executive position on its board now. Miss Fowler and her step-mother when in Pasadena occupy their beautiful home at 363 Grove street which is one of the show places in Pasadena. Mrs. Fowler and her daughter are now in New York and it is not known when they plan to return to California. The wedding date has not been announced but it is said that the ceremony will probably take place some time in the early autumn.

Marked as one of the most brilliant society events of the season, the marriage of Miss Maybelle Peyton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Peyton of 857 Westlake avenue, to Mr. Henry Hanna Viesing of Chicago will be celebrated Wednesday evening, June 28. The ceremony, which will take place at the Peyton home at 8:30 o'clock, will be performed by Rev. D. F. Howe of the Westlake Methodist church. Invitations have been issued to two hundred of the local society folk and an additional two hundred have been sent outside the city. Several of the bridal party will come from the east to assist. Among these will be Miss Mildred Cannon, niece of "Uncle Joe" Cannon, former speaker of the House of Representatives. Miss Cannon will arrive tomorrow. Miss Peyton will also include in her bridal party Miss Glenn Kenyon of Danville, Illinois, who arrived from the east this week. Miss Katherine Viesing, sister of the bridegroom-elect, with other members of his family is expected to come the latter part of next week. Miss Ruth Grant, of Los Angeles will be the only one of Miss Peyton's local friends to assist as bridesmaids. Mrs. Charles M. Cotton, the attractive sister of the bride-to-be, chosen as matron-of-honor, will come down from Spokane for the wedding, being accompanied by her two charming young daughters, Mary Ann, aged seven, and Jean, five years old. These little lassies will serve as flower girls. With them will come their cousins, Mary Margaret Hawes and Jane Hawes of Spokane, who are to assist as ribbon-bearers. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Hawes, parents of the latter will make the trip down from the north in their automobile, arriving about June 20. Mrs. Hawes will be remembered as Miss Peyton's other married sister. Mr. Robert C. Peyton, brother of the bride-elect, will be the best man and the ushers will include Mr. Harry Stout of Chicago, a brother-in-law of Mr. Viesing. The color motif for the wedding is to be pink. The service will be read in the house, but the supper is to be served out in the spacious gardens, beneath a canopy of incandescents and Japanese lanterns. A number of delightful pre-nuptial affairs will be given in the next fortnight in honor of the bridal couple and the members of their party.

Particularly attractive among the season's society affairs was the large reception given yesterday afternoon by Mrs. Chappel Q. Stanton and Mrs. Forrest Stanton in honor of the former's new

daughter-in-law, Mrs. Edwin Locksley Stanton, who has recently come to Los Angeles to make her home. The affair was given at the home of Mrs. Stanton, Sr., 448 Andrews Boulevard, guests being received between the hours of four and six o'clock. Several hundred invitations were sent out for the afternoon. A number of other delightful courtesies are to be extended Mr. Stanton and his young bride. Tuesday, June 20, the latter will be the guest of honor at a luncheon which will have as its hostess, Miss Cecil Call. Miss Eleanor Workman will give a tea in her honor Thursday, June 22, inviting in a group of young matrons and maids. At the latter affair Miss Dorothy Emerson, who is the house guest of Miss Widney Watson, will share honors with Mrs. Stanton. Friday, June 23, Mrs. David McCoy is planning to entertain for the young bride, giving a luncheon.

Charming in all its appointments was the wedding of Miss Ruth Locke, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Edward Locke and Dr. William Ban Thompson, which took place Monday evening at the First Methodist church, before a large number of friends. The ceremony was performed by the father of the bride and Charles Edward Locke, Jr., the bride's only brother, gave his sister away. The church was beautifully decorated with an artistic arrangement of pink blossoms, a profusion of ferns and potted plants. The pew posts were topped with clusters of pink sweet peas, ferns and tulle while the pulpit and choir loft were banked in greenery and pink blossoms. Preceding the bridal party the vested choir entered the auditorium singing the wedding chorus. The bride wore a handsome gown of duchess satin trimmed in duchesse lace, the long court train falling from the shoulders, and her veil of tulle was caught to her head by sprays of orange blossoms, an arm shower of lilies of the valley finishing the costume. Her only jewels were a platinum and diamond brooch, the gift of the bridegroom. The bride was assisted by her sisters, Mrs. John William Fletcher White as matron of honor and Miss Margaret Locke as maid of honor. They were becomingly attired in gowns of taffeta silk, the former wearing pale blue and the latter pink. The six maids wore taffeta frocks with trimmings of lace, butterfly bows and roses. Miss Florence Parmelee and Miss Flora Cronemiller in pale green, Miss Dorothy Fish and Miss Alberta Hanna in lavender and Miss Nora Parker and Miss Jane Thompson, sister of the bridegroom in pale yellow. All the maids carried French bouquets in the pastel tints. Dr. Warren Douglas Horner of San Francisco served Dr. Thompson as best man, while the ushers were Mr. John Lorr Locke of Seattle, Mr. Clyde Collison of New York, Dr. Ezra Fish, Mr. Alan Davenport and Mr. Charles Joyce. Following the ceremony a wedding supper was served at the Locke home in Berendo street for the bridal party and immediate relatives only. A flower scheme of pink, yellow and lavender was carried out in the decorations of the home and the table was fragrant with pink and white sweet peas with ferns. Dr. and Mrs. Thompson left for an extended honeymoon trip and later will return to San Francisco, where they plan to make their home temporarily.

Felicitations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ernest Kaltenbach of Cranford, New Jersey, upon the arrival of a little daughter who is to be named Charlotte in honor of her maternal grandmother, Mrs. Telfair Creighton, of this city. Mrs. Kaltenbach, who as Miss Juana Creighton has a host of friends in Los Angeles, visited here last summer with her little daughter, Jane.

Mrs. Ernest B. Rivers and Mrs. Herbert R. Miller entertained last Thursday at the country home of Mrs. Rivers, "Los Rios" at Duarte. Auction bridge was enjoyed by many of the guests while others passed the time with needlework.

Interesting news to the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kelsey, of 2703 Portland street, was the announcement of the marriage of their son, Mr. Van Kelsey to Miss Tomasa Stiles, an adopted daughter of Mrs. Kelsey's sister. The marriage occurred last Saturday evening at Charleston, W. Va., Miss Stiles who is a charming and pretty



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Southern girl, visited in the Kelsey home for several weeks last year and it was then that the two young people met. Mr. Kelsey and his bride will enjoy a honeymoon trip of a month or six weeks and will then return to Los Angeles where they will live for a time with the young man's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Bogardus have leased their beautiful home on Western avenue to Mr. and Mrs. Lou Tellegen of stage and screen fame. Mrs. Bogardus left recently for a trip to Japan and expects to be away two months or more.

Rear Admiral Winslow accompanied by his family has taken apartments at the Beverly Hills hotel where they plan to pass a part of the summer. Since the San Diego, Rear Admiral Winslow's flagship, has been stationed in San Diego his family has been at Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bond Francisco have returned to their home in Albany street after an extended visit in St. Louis, Mo., the girlhood home of Mrs. Francisco. While visiting there many delightful affairs were given in their honor.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Doran of Harvard boulevard have arranged for a dinner dance to be given at the Virginia hotel the evening of July 4, the guests of honor being Miss Margaret Daniell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Y. S. Daniell of Manitou street and Miss Florence Johnstone, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Johnstone of Kingsley drive. Miss Daniell has just returned from Berkeley and Miss Johnstone who has been attending Pratt Institute in Brooklyn will reach home within the fortnight. Mr. and Mrs. Doran will include in their list of guests, the younger set and more than one hundred invitations are being sent out.

Mrs. J. R. Porter and her daughter Miss Ruby Porter after passing the winter here, have returned to their home in

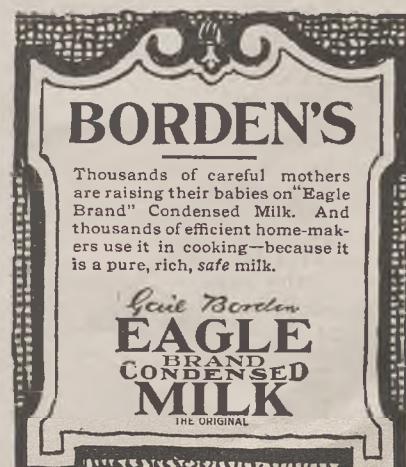
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LOS ANGELES



Jacksonville, Florida. They were accompanied by Mr. Lyndol Lester Young, son of Mr. and Mrs. Milton K. Young of South Kenmore avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Milton K. Young will leave in a day or two for the south where they will attend the wedding of their son and Miss Porter, the ceremony to take place Wednesday, June 28. The wedding is to be a brilliant and beautifully-appointed one. The bride-to-be is a charming girl, who won many friends in her visit here, while the groom is a young attorney, having been graduated with honors from his university here.

Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, after passing a fortnight in San Francisco has returned to her home here, only to be leaving soon for the attractive Redondo beach home of the McCarthys, where the family pass many of the summers. Mrs. McCarthy was accompanied home by her mother, Mrs. Howard.

One of the charming visitors in Los Angeles just now is Mrs. Julia Senni of Honolulu, who is a guest of her brother, Mr. Rufus Spaulding of Pasadena. Mrs. Senni, formerly resided here and her many friends are giving her a hearty welcome. Several informal affairs are being planned in honor of Mrs. Senni while a guest in her brother's home.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Adams of 21 Chester place left the first of the week for an extended visit in the East. During their absence Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Adams and their small son, Morgan Jr., will occupy the handsome home of Mr. Adams' parents.

Mrs. Harry Robinson of Crescent drive, Beverly Hills, entertained Monday with a tennis luncheon, inviting a dozen or so of her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eugene Hagen of Boulder, Colorado, are visiting Mrs. Hagen's mother, Mrs. J. Niederer, of West Thirty-fifth street. As Miss Adele Niederer, this attractive girl was a great favorite and many delightful affairs are being planned for her in her visit.

Another garden fete for the French orphans which promises to be most delightful is the one being given today at the attractive home of Mrs. George I. Hamm of Rose Hedge, Whittier. All sorts of wares will be for sale and dainty refreshments dispensed by a bevy of pretty girls from booths. A large list of patronesses for the affair include many prominent women of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. William Threlkeld Bishop of 1342 West Adams street left Wednesday for Chicago and other points of interest in the East.

One of the delightful courtesies extended a charming visitor in Los Angeles was the theater party given by Mrs. Thomas Brown Monday evening in honor of Mrs. F. R. Johnson of Portland who is a house guest of her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perry Story. Following the attractions at the Orpheum the party was entertained at supper in the crystal and ice-green palace of the Alexandria. Mrs. Thomas guests included Mrs. F. R. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perry Story, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clark, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. O'Melveny, Mr. Thomas Bruen Brown and Mr. Alvin Brown.

Society folk, both of Pasadena and Los Angeles will be interested in the big entertainment to be given under the auspices of the Thalia Club of Pasadena as a benefit for the Pasadena Free Dispensary and the Boys and Girls' Aid Society. By special arrangements with Mr. Winthrop Ames of the Little Theater, New York, an out-of-door presentation of "Prunella" will be given, Friday evening, June 23, at 8:15 o'clock at California street and Arden Road (one block east of Tournament Park). Officers and directors of The Thalia Club who are active in plans for the brilliant charity fete are Mrs. Wm. A. Brackenridge, Mrs. Henry Van Dyke, Mrs. Reginald Johnson, Miss Elizabeth Sherk, Mrs. Joseph Reed, Miss Mary B. McDougall, Miss Elizabeth Buckingham, Mrs. Harold O. Ayer, Mrs. Frank Carpenter, Mrs. Chas. E. Eaton, Mrs. Robert Pitcairn, Mrs. David Blankenhorn, Mrs. Thomas E. Curtin, Mrs. John McWilliams, Jr., Mrs. Francis E. Stevens.

One of the charming hostesses in the opera season has been Mrs. John F. Francis of 905 South Bonnie Brae street, who enjoying the splendid season of opera herself, has entertained with a number of loge parties in the three weeks of engagement here of Signor Constantino's company. Upon each occasion a coterie of Mrs. Francis's friends were her guests.

In honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs.

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Eugene Payson Clark, formerly Miss Constance Byrne, the charming young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Byrne of West Twenty-eighth street, Mrs. Eli P. Clark of St. James Park, entertained Tuesday with a beautifully appointed luncheon. The affair was given at Hotel Clark, in the private banquet room, places being arranged for twenty-five friends. Assisting her mother was Miss Lucy Clark. The decorations were in flame colored gladioli, arranged in artistic profusion about the room. Mr. and Mrs. Clark, whose marriage at St. John's church, May 28, was a society event of much interest, passed the first part of their honeymoon at Coronado. They stopped in Los Angeles a few days the first of this week, en route to the north where they will enjoy a short sojourn. Later they will return to their new home here, and the young bride, then, will be the recipient of many charming affairs, planned in her honor as post-nuptial courtesies.

One of the charming hostesses in the opera season has been Mrs. John F. Francis of 905 South Bonnie Brae street, who enjoying the splendid season of opera herself, has entertained with a number of loge parties in the three weeks of engagement here of Signor Constantino's company. Upon each occasion a coterie of Mrs. Francis's friends were her guests.

In honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs.

Miss Dorothy Jones, the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Jones,

will arrive home tomorrow from Radcliffe, where she has been a student the last year. Her brother, Gregory Jones, will remain in the east, drilling at Plattsburg, for the coming month or two. Many pleasant affairs will be given in compliment to Miss Jones upon her arrival, and her brother, later, will share in these courtesies.

Of special interest to a wide circle of friends here is the announcement made by Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Raymond of this city of the marriage of their daughter, Miss Ruth Raymond, to Mr. Emory Richard Carhart, son of Dr. and Mrs. Henry S. Carhart of 277 North El Molino avenue, Pasadena. The marriage took place in New York, word having come just this week to the friends of the young couple here and in Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Dockweiler entertained Tuesday evening at their home on West Adams street, the affair being in compliment to Sargeant Le Masnager, hero of Verdun, who has come here to recuperate from his injuries, after which he plans to return to the battle front.

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BEEMAN & HENDEE, Brack Shops. The exclusive baby shop, everything for children. Complete outfit.

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Mons. Le Masnager, who won his military spurs forty years ago, is sixty-six years old. Invited to meet the distinguished guest were Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Brunswig, Mr. and Mrs. C. de Vidal Hundt, Dr. and Mrs. Rea Smith, Father Jacoby, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Dreyfus, Father Masnager, Miss Rosario and Miss Mariszka Dockweiler and Messrs. Thomas and John Dockweiler.

Dr. and Mrs. West Hughes, Dr. and Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst and Dr. John Haynes have returned from a pleasant outing at Bear Valley.

Miss Margaret Fleming, the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Fleming, will be hostess Wednesday, June 21, at a prettily appointed affair.

Mrs. Frank Johnson of Portland, who is the guest here of her daughter, Mrs. Walter Story, is being enjoyably entertained. Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Melveny gave an attractively appointed dinner party in her honor, and Sunday a supper party at the ranch home of Mrs. Jerry Conroy is scheduled as one of the pleasant events.

Lucile's Shop Talk



Courtesy Brdy. Dept. Store.



Books

"WORLD Peace" might have been written by two men so divergent in its beginning from its conclusion. John Bigelow, major U. S. Army, retired, is strongly for preparedness as might be expected of a military man, and justifies war on the score of frailty of human nature, manifested in various directions where expediency and common sense would seem to prevent conflict, even appealing to the Bible for sanction for its red horror.

But pacifists should not grow impatient with his long consideration of the "Illusions of Pacifism" for he develops a dream out of the gloom far beyond the wildest visions of present day pacifists, although hinted at by other seekers for a path to peace, previously. There is, alas, much of incontrovertible truth in his view of the failures of the Hague tribunals, in the false prophecies of great peace advocates, foremost writers and thinkers who saw the race too far advanced for certain barbarities now being perpetrated, in the strange fascination and disregard, generally, for the pictured and written horrors of bloodshed and even for the most fiendish atrocities. Popular passion evidently thinks not of cost nor sacrifice when the blood calls. Nor does the increasing destructiveness of equipment and methods appear to enter into the diminution of warfare as it was supposed it would. As things are we cannot afford not to be prepared. War is a necessity and never to be dispensed with—under our present political structure. Jealousy and friction is the natural outcome of nationalism. But what shall we try? he asks. Arbitration? The history of all such attempts he concludes from the evidence gathered proves not. Secret diplomacy, arbitration has failed. Then a world court based on international law and international police? Here again he finds difficulties, in military coalitions, in determination of the size, composition and conduct of the army to be maintained. He discusses also the boycott in its relation to our Civil War and to the present German-English war.

But, says Major Bigelow, a world nation is possible, nay more, desirable. The first step toward it, he states, is a world league or alliance of nations and the greatest obstacle he sees in racial antipathies, which are gradually being broken down.

How shall the world prepare itself for world sovereignty without undermining national sovereignty to the serious detriment of society? This question is answered by the history of the Empire. The operation may be traced through the growth of the present dominions of Great Britain, of Germany, of France, of Italy, of Austro-Hungary, of the United States. What nations have done the world can do.

In defense of certain citizens in the present conflict he says, "There is a great difference between sympathizing with the land of one's ancestry in a war between it and another foreign country and sympathizing with it in a war against one's own native or adopted country." And again, "The people of America should think racially, not by thinking British, nor by thinking French, but by thinking American, by thinking with the American races that are, for the American race that is to be, with all the races of today, for the one race of tomorrow."

He develops his theories at length, optimistically yet sanely, and with authority in precedent for each step to the conclusion. Why not Worldism in place of Internationalism? ("World Peace; How War Cannot be Abolished, How It May Be Abolished.") By John Bigelow, major, U. S. Army, retired. Mitchell Kennerley. Bullock's.) P. R.

James Lane Allen's Faith

James Lane Allen is essentially religious. Even in depicting the weakness and vicious tendencies of men and women he always has shown the divinity that struggles ever for mastery. Certain it is, in "The Cathedral Singer" there is a suggestion of this and more. The glory and self-immolation of motherhood, the greatness of music and art in the soul growth of the world, the beauty and romance of culture and gentle-breeding as opposed to the sordidness of the market place strongly pervade this little peep at nature and humanity at Morningside Heights, New York, over which broods

"the cathedral." It is a modern madonna, in whom is seen "that transfiguration of countenance of the mother who believed that the birth of her child was the divine event of her existence, and whose emotions and energies centered upon her offspring" to whom is given a great talent, who sits as a model extraordinary for the art class of the National Academy of Design. And to the reader is disclosed the joy of the mother corroborated in her prophecy and the tragedy and courage of such a mother bereft, not given to the class. It is a beautiful thought, full of pathos and glamor, yet lacking the spontaneity of the writer's early creations. ("A Cathedral Singer.") By James Lane Allen. The Century Co. Bullock's.)

Another "Indiana" Story

"Tippecanoe" has its locale in the vicinity of that famous old battleground in Indiana, so fruitful in romantic material for the novelist. Tecumseh, his brother, the Prophet, that renegade white, Simon Girty, General Harrison and men of his army form the familiar company; also the captive maiden and her brave young would-be rescuer, for a touch of thrilling love interest. Judging from the number of captive maidens which have been rescued in books the woods must have been full of them in those days. However the title page avers this is a "true account." Were the plot stronger it would add vividness and value to the story. Toinette O'Bannon, an Irish maiden, living in old Corydon, is the heroine, and David Larrance, the hero, is a young Englishman exiled from his own country who is determined to become an American citizen. He accomplishes great deeds, ferrets out British spies, recovers valuable papers, fights savages, and finally—. But one feels inclined to criticise him when accused of being a British spy, for not denying the charge. This would have stayed the maiden's tears and ended his own grief quickly. Another ludicrous inconsistency is that, the fair maid having been led away into captivity, no one starts on the trail until a friend rides to Vincennes to inform David, when these two start after eight Indians, journeying toward a village of 2,000 savages. But such is the splendid disregard of trivialities by modern romance writers! Notwithstanding, the story is interesting and thrilling. ("Tippecanoe.") By Samuel McCoy. Bobbs-Merrill Co. Bullock's.)

Story of Theatrical Folk

Written by one thoroughly familiar with stage life in its many phases, having herself achieved dramatic laurels, "The Least Resistance" by Kate L. McLaurin should take a deserved place among the season's popular books in the line of light fiction. The story is interesting, and its chief charm lies in its realism. With her intimate knowledge of theater folk, their every day lives, with the temptations and struggles contingent upon success and fame, Miss McLaurin has combined a keen analytical power. Her characters are drawn with a verity and consistency that give each a compelling individuality. There is not a single false note in the story from its beginning until the end, when a finale logically perfect is reached. Not impossibly decked with tinsel nor dark with unrelieved tragedy, the story as a whole is a faithful picture of real stage life. It narrates the life of a woman, a young actress, alone—her experiences, contacts, struggles, triumphs and defeats. Forced to leave a worthless husband, the plucky little woman faces the world alone. Her work and her friends, the problems and the illuminations which come to her, the sordidness and the splendor that she saw, all combine to make a story that is vividly interesting. An enhancing feature of the novel is the character drawing by which each person of the story is galvanized into life and made a vital factor in the novel as a whole. ("The Least Resistance") by Kate L. McLaurin. George H. Doran Co. Bullock's.)

Packard's Latest Novel

Usually, it is the woman who is called upon to give up love for fame or vice versa. In "The Beloved Traitor,"



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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 32227

Estate of James D. Stanton, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of James D. Stanton, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to file them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at the office of John Beardsley, attorney for said administrator, at Room 334 Title Insurance Bldg., northeast corner of 5th & Spring streets, Los Angeles, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of James D. Stanton, deceased, in the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

Dated June 7, 1916.

LEWIS C. CARLISLE,
Administrator with the Will annexed of
the Estate of James D. Stanton, De-
ceased.

John Beardsley, 334 Title Insurance
Bldg., Attorney for the Administrator.

Magazines of the Month

Under the heading "Cosmopolitan Carnegie," in the International Studio for June Christian Brinton devotes much space to the Swedish Contemporary Collection, which has excited much discussion in art circles. Colored illustrations in the June Studio are principally made up of reproductions of watercolors, showing two examples of the art of that famous early master in this medium, Thomas Girtin, and to work of the same sort by W. Russell Flint and Budig A. Pughe. The line drawings of W. Heath Robinson are made the subject of an article by A. E. Johnson which is copiously illustrated with Robinson's work.

Frank H. Simonds writes of "War Prospects and Peace Talk" in the Review of Reviews of June, expressing the conviction that neither side in the great conflict has yet reached a point where it is willing to make a peace that would be acceptable to its opponents. Warren Barton Blake tells of "The Irish Rebellion," and there is the usual interesting miscellany on timely topics.

"Can We Keep the Canal Open?" is the question asked in the June Sunset by John C. Branner, president emeritus of Stanford, who proceeds to discuss it in its various aspects. Emerson Hough contributes a northern story, "Claxton Strategist," to this number of Sunset and there are several other notable stories and articles, including one by the editor, Charles K. Field, on the recent Shakespearean pageant at Hollywood.

Perhaps the most popularly interesting thing in the current Poetry is the prize announcement, the award of \$100 by an anonymous donor being given to Wallace Stevens for a one-act poetic play, "Three Travellers Watch a Sunrise." One hundred poetic playlets were submitted. There is also a pleasing array of poetical contributions including the names of Madison Cawein, H. Thompson Rice, Vachel Lindsay and others, and critical comment of the usual high order, by Harriet Monroe, Vachel Lindsay, Ezra Pound and equally able writers.

Another popular novel soon to appear in dramatic form is "The Jack-Knife Man." Ellis Parker Butler's humorous story of a little cripple and the two shiftless old men who befriended him. It is to be staged this fall by the H. B. Harris estate, under the title "Peter Lane."

William W. Ellsworth, who recently resigned the presidency of The Century Co. after thirty-seven years of service with that famous old publishing house, has accepted an invitation from the J. B. Pond Lyceum Bureau to deliver, under its management, in different parts of the country, a lecture entitled "Publishing and Literature."

In the World of Amateur Sports

ONCE again has Judge William Fredrickson carried all before him at the Los Angeles Country Club and proved his right to the golf championship of that organization. The judge turned in a gross score of 155 for 36 holes in the final medal play of the club tournament. His score was really remarkable, 80 in the morning round and 75 in the afternoon. His nearest rival was George H. Schneider, who had 158. But the sensation of the championship was not the fine showing of Frederickson. It was a one-shot hole made by Ed Tufts, who negotiated Number 2, a 3 par hole, with one mashie stroke from the tee. The ball was low and straight as a die for the pin. It dropped on the approach and gathering momentum rolled over the green to the cup, hovered on the edge and disappeared from sight. Of course it was but luck, but such luck as will give Ed something to brag about for the remainder of his golfing career.

Yacht Club Schedule

Today the Los Angeles Yacht Club, successor to the old Sunset club, will open its 1916 season with a smoker to be held at its clubhouse, to be followed by the formal placing of the club fleet in commission tomorrow. Handicap races will be held between the Yankee Girl, Vice-Commodore A. J. Mitchell; Arrow, A. G. Sepulveda, and the Nixie, Rear Commodore Morgan Adams. The Los Angeles Yacht Club's summer program for the remainder of the season is as follows: June 25, barbecue at Johnson's Landing; July 1, cruise to Avalon; July 2, at Avalon; July 3, at Avalon; July 4, return from Avalon; July 8, dance; July 9, motor boat races; July 29, smoker; August 5, start of cruise to San Diego; August 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, race week at San Diego; August 12, return from San Diego; August 19, Los Angeles annual regatta; August 20, Los Angeles annual regatta; September 9, cruise to Station B; September 10, barbecue and return.

Molla Bjurstedt Retains Title

Miss Molla Bjurstedt had little difficulty retaining her title as woman tennis champion of the United States, when she met Mrs. Edward Raymond of New York in the challenge round of the women's national tournament at Philadelphia this week. The Norwegian girl defeated her opponent by the easy score of 6-0, 6-1. Truth to tell, there was no one of Miss Bjurstedt's class entered in the tournament. The only players she has met in America who seem her equal in the court game are the Californians like May Sutton Bundy, Mary Browne, and Anita Stewart, and the former Hazel Hotchkiss, now Mrs. George Wightman, with all of whom she seems to stand as about an equal. With Miss Eleanore Sears, Miss Bjurstedt won the doubles title from Mrs. Raymond and Miss Edna Wildey. Miss Sears and Willis E. Davis of California captured the mixed doubles title, defeating Miss Florence Ballin and W. T. Tilden, Jr. Miss Bjurstedt now holds the woman's national, clay court, indoor, Metropolitan, Pennsylvania and Eastern States championships in singles and shares the doubles titles for these various tournaments.

One Southerner at Tournament

From present appearances Ward Dawson will be the only representative of the south at the annual Pacific states lawn tennis championship tournament which opens today at Del Monte. Neither Tom Bundy nor Maurice McLoughlin will attend. The former is too busy with his business duties to spare time to go north and McLoughlin apparently feels that he can get in better condition for a possible eastern trip later in the summer by continuing his easy training here than by engaging in trying matches at Del Monte. Warren and McCormick, the team from the University of Southern California, intend to go east for the clay court tournament and will not visit Del Monte, while many other local players feel they have not the time to spare for the coast singles tournament and will confine their tennis to preparations for the doubles event to be held at Long Beach early in July.

Issuing Hunting Licenses

Hunting licenses for 1916-1917, which are required of all nimrods after July 1, are now being issued by the Fish and Game Commission branch office here and by the sporting goods dealers. The southern division of the commission ex-

pects to dispose of 30,000 licenses but has not, to date, received that number. It is not likely there will be an immediately heavy demand for the little slips of paper entitling one to carry a gun, for there is nothing to hunt in this vicinity until September 1, when the dove and deer seasons will open. The same details demanded in previous years are required for indorsement of the licenses this season, which have blanks for name, age, height, color of eyes and hair, residence and owner's signature. More than 15,000 angling licenses have been placed in Southern California this season and the game commissioner believes the demand for hunting licenses is sure to be almost double that for permission to fish.

Virginia Wins Handicap Golf

Completion of the season's scheduled matches in the Southern California Golf Association's inter-club competition, last Saturday, found Virginia leading Altadena by 50 points in the handicap standings. Later matches had no effect on the tie between Midwick and Los Angeles in the scratch list. These teams have not yet settled details of the play-off. Following are the final standings:

Team—	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Los Angeles	17	3	.850
Midwick	17	3	.850
Annandale	11	9	.550
Virginia	11	9	.550
Coronado	10	10	.500
Point Loma	9	11	.450
Altadena	9	11	.450
San Gabriel	9	11	.450
Redlands	7	13	.350
Victoria	6	14	.300
Orange	4	16	.200

Team—	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Virginia	14	6	.700
Altadena	13	7	.650
Midwick	11	9	.550
Point Loma	11	9	.550
Los Angeles	10	10	.500
Annandale	10	10	.500
Victoria	9	11	.450
Orange	9	11	.450
Coronado	9	11	.450
San Gabriel	8	12	.400
Redlands	6	14	.300

To Race Around Catalina

Tomorrow the South Coast Yacht Club will hold the longest race on its summer schedule, around Santa Catalina island for the Montgomery trophy. The cruise to Newport, originally scheduled for tomorrow, has been postponed for a week and the Catalina race advanced one week. Among the boats which will take part in the event are the Minerva, Vite, Mischief I, Mischief II, Seomore and Wasp.

National Open Championship

This year's national open golf championship will be contested for at the Minikahda Club, Minneapolis, from June 27 to June 30. The opening day half of the total entries are to play, the lowest 32 to qualify and the other half of the field will play the following day under the same conditions. The last two days the 64 players who qualified will play 72 holes medal play for the title. In case of a tie, the champion will be determined by a play-off at 18 holes. There are a number of cash prizes for the winners but if a score made by an amateur entitles him to any of these prizes he will be given a suitable trophy in plate and the entire amount of the money purses will be divided among the professionals.

Plays and Players

(Continued from Page 9.)

Lovely plays two parts, that of a young Italian woman who is enticed on to the yacht of a dissolute American and who drowns herself to escape and that of this woman's daughter, through whom revenge is had upon the golden spider who is the cause of her mother's death. It is a story replete with thrilling situations and one which, despite two tragic deaths at its climax, has a happy ending. It is presented by an excellent company.

Marguerite Clark at Woodley's

Inimitable Marguerite Clark in "Silks and Satins" will be the attraction at the Woodley Theater next week. The plot of this romantic drama involves two periods of historic and romantic interest, the Napoleonic era and the present. The old worn out method of filming a "costume play" has been entirely repudiated, and the director, J. Searle Dawley, has brought forth a new version of pictureizing this difficult type of subject, by intermingling it with a modern romance.

Your Child and the Future

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Diminutive Marguerite Clark portrays the role of a modern American girl and that of her ancient French ancestress, Felicie, for whom she has been named. The leading men and women in her support are Thomas Holding, Vernon Steel, Clarence Handysides, W. A. Williams and Fayette Perry.

Theda Bara in "East Lynne"

Theda Bara, who as a beautiful vampire is known to all motion picture lovers, is to be the star at Miller's Theater for the week beginning Monday, in a photoplay revival of the famous stage success "East Lynne." This William Fox photodrama adheres closely to the dramatic perfection of the old stage favorite but brings all the power of motion picture realism into play. Miss Bara will be seen as Isabel, the heroine. Her supporting cast includes Claire Whitney,



EAST LYNNE WILLIAM FOX PRODUCTION

Stuart Holmes, W. H. Tooker and others. A new "Mutt and Jeff" comedy, "In the Movies," and the International News Weekly will complete the Miller program.

Dixon-Herbert Creation at Auditorium

Since "The Birth of a Nation," Thomas Dixon's "Fall of a Nation" promises to be a most elaborate picture production, which will receive its western premiere Monday night, June 19, at Clune's Auditorium, with a full grand opera orchestra of sixty pieces, and with a magnificent production throughout. "The Fall of a Nation" is particularly unique in that it is announced as a cinema grand opera. In writing this great work, Dr. Dixon collaborated with Victor Herbert, America's foremost composer, who has written an entirely original grand opera score. In addition to its basic theme of the unpreparedness of this country, Dr. Dixon has utilized a great many of the big national subjects and has given a production that should be the sensation of the year in Los Angeles. "The Fall of a Nation" received its New York premiere two weeks ago and was at once one of the sensations of the year on Broadway. It will be presented at

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Clune's Auditorium at standard theater prices despite the immensity of the production.

Dobinson Shakespearean Festival

Mrs. George A. Dobinson will present a Shakespearean program at the Friday Morning Clubhouse, Thursday evening, June 22, in which about a hundred and fifty persons will participate. By way of prologue a processional of characters selected from the well known plays of the famous bard, led by Master Edward Roth, aged five, will pass in review before Shakespeare, impersonated by Dr. Frank I. Riley. Mme. Dobinson will repeat, by request, the trial scene from "Henry the Eighth," with the same supporting cast as at a previous performance this season. Madame Ada Henry van Pelt and Miss Gertrude Rothe will appear in a scene from "Romeo and Juliet," and Miss Marjorie Riley of Hollywood will give several interpretative dances, assisted by a group of thirty young women from Hollywood. Miss Margaret Goetz and Mrs. William Mabee have had the training of a chorus of twenty voices in Shakespearean songs which will further add brightness to an attractive program.



Stocks & Bonds

REATLY improved demand for Oatman mining stocks has been manifest on the Los Angeles stock exchange this week and brokers profess to see brighter things ahead for securities of this character, believing that Oatman has been experiencing one of the "downs" that come to all youthful mining camps and that it is now on the way to the compensating "up." Big Jim and Ivanhoe have been the most active traders. Big Jim at this writing is standing at \$1.10, after making steady gains throughout the fore part of the week. Improved assay showings and dissipation of rumors that the Tom Reed Company intended to bring an apex suit against the Big Jim corporation, tended to strengthen the stock. Ivanhoe is believed by wise ones to be approaching the level where an ore strike may be looked for and the stock has been in heavy demand, reaching an asked price of 16 cents. Other Oatmans which have been active are Gild Edge, selling at a little better than 4 cents. Tom Reed at \$1.50, Boundary Cone at 37½ cents, Iowa at 7½ cents and Sun Dial at 5½ cents. United Eastern has been a little off, 300 shares having been sold one day at a quotation of \$4.

In contrast to the mining market, oil and industrial securities were rather quiet. Union has dropped from sales at \$81 to \$79 bid. Bonds of this company are selling off board at 90. Associated has been sold in limited quantities at \$66.50-\$67. Rice Ranch and Traders displayed more activity than the higher priced issues. Home Telephone stocks are off a few points, the preferred going at \$72.75 and the best bid for common being \$39.50. Transactions in Los Angeles Investment stock were light, the general quotation being around 67 cents. No activity was reported in bank stocks and little except the usual quiet off-board trading in bonds.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Chicago bond bankers are now offering \$2,500,000 Southern Counties Gas Company of California first mortgage 5½ per cent bonds, due May 1, 1936. The physical property of the concern is said to represent an equity of about 40 per cent over this bond issue.

Montgomery Ward & Company has declared the regular quarterly dividend of 13½ per cent on the preferred stock, payable July 1 to stock of record June 20. Sears, Roebuck & Company has declared the same dividend on its preferred, payable the same day as its competitor's disbursement.

Stockholders of the Packard Motor Car Company have authorized an increase of its capital stock by the addition of \$5,000,000 new common stock.

American Car and Foundry Company has declared regular quarterly dividends of 13½ per cent on the preferred and ½ of 1 per cent on the common stock, payable July 1.

Telegraph lines of the Great Northern Railway in Montana have been purchased by the Western Union and a deal is pending for the taking over by this corporation of the wire lines in that state belonging to the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway.

Last month the Hawaiian government sold \$1,750,000 Hawaiian 4% bonds of 1936-46. They were issued to refund \$1,000,000 Hawaiian 4½% bonds of 1910-20 and \$750,000 Hawaiian 4½% bonds of 1908-18. According to the statement issued by the Treasury Department, there are, at the present time, approximately \$983,000 various Hawaiian bonds deposited in Washington as collateral for public moneys lodged with national banks throughout the country.

Mexican Petroleum has declared the regular quarterly dividend of 2 per cent on the preferred stock, payable July 10.

Chicago, Burlington & Quincy will pay its customary quarterly dividend of 2 per cent June 26.

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe's regular semi-annual dividend of 2½ per cent on preferred stock will be payable August 1 to holders of record June 30.

Leased lines of the Illinois Central

system have declared the regular semi-annual dividend of 2 per cent, payable July 1.

American Woolen Company has declared regular quarterly dividends of 13½ per cent on the preferred and 1½ per cent on the common stock, both payable July 15.

Henry E. Huntington has purchased from John Hays Hammond control of the Mount Whitney Power and Electric Corporation, paying therefor approximately \$3,000,000 in cash. The Mount Whitney company supplies light and power to many cities in the San Joaquin valley.

Dividend of \$1.75 a share on the 100,000 shares of the Panama-American Petroleum and Transport company was authorized last Saturday. E. L. Doheny, president of the company, in an official statement, declared the affairs of the company to be in splendid condition.

Banks and Bankers

Another foreign branch of the National City Bank of New York was opened last month at Santiago, Cuba, and arrangements have been completed for the opening of others at Valparaiso, Chile and Genoa, Italy, at an early day. Agencies also have been determined upon at Bahia, Brazil and Milan, Italy. The International Banking Corporation, which is closely affiliated with the National City Bank, now has branches in London, Bombay, Calcutta, Canton, Singapore, Cebu, Hankow, Hong Kong, Pekin, Shanghai, Tientsin, Yokohama, Kobe, Manila, Panama, Colon and Medellin (Colombia).

Several thousand small silk flags were distributed by the German American Trust and Savings Bank as a souvenir of the preparedness parade held here Wednesday. The flags were given away to all callers at the bank Monday and Tuesday.

Federal reserve banks of the United States will begin the collection of checks throughout the country for their member banks July 15.

Recent shipments have brought the amount of gold sent J. P. Morgan & Co. from the Bank of England depository at Ottawa to a total of \$38,925,000 imported on the present movement, which started May 11. June total so far amounts to \$15,725,000. Imports in May amounted to \$23,200,000.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Los Angeles

Seventy thousand persons march in Preparedness Parade.

Conference held here in effort to settle Pacific coast longshoremen's strike proves futile.

Knights Templar arrive for their grand conclave here next week.

Memorial services held for Lord Kitchener.

California

Many California Progressive office holders announce themselves as favoring Republican presidential nominee.

Steamer Bear reported in distress off Cape Mendocino.

United States

Republicans in convention at Chicago nominate Charles Evans Hughes for president and Charles W. Fairbanks for vice-president.

Progressives in convention at Chicago nominate Theodore Roosevelt for president. Nominee declines to accept honor.

Democrats in convention at St. Louis nominate Woodrow Wilson and Thomas R. Marshall. President dictates platform plank foreshadowing intervention in Mexico.

Baltimore fire does \$2,000,000 damage.

Foreign

Riots against Americans in many Mexican cities.

Russians make great gains against Austrians in Bokowina and claim capture of 120,000 men of allied Teuton armies.

Fierce fighting continues before Verdun with Germans claiming minor successes.

Political faith cure might be a not inept name for the doctrine of the extreme pacifists. It is, reduced to its simplest terms, a denial of the existence of political disease, not an attempt to cure it. Militarism is an exaggerated form of the similia similibus curantur doctrine, while international cooperation corresponds to modern scientific preventive medicine, the sort which is eliminating malaria, yellow and typhus fevers.

GENERAL INSURANCE NEWS

Today the Life Underwriters' Association of Los Angeles will hold its annual picnic at Verdugo Park. There will be baseball, track races, egg races and athletics of all kinds to make the day an enjoyable one, and last but not least, there will be dancing, as the wives and sweethearts of the members are to enjoy the picnic. It is expected that about 200 persons will attend. The hosts for the occasion are the members of the Equitable Life Agency, under the direction of George A. Rathbun, who will furnish "hot dogs" and coffee, as well as the music for the dancing, and arrangement of the athletic sports.

It is announced by the Pacific Mutual that its new life business for the first four months of this year amounted to \$11,054,095, as against \$8,327,861 for the same period of 1915. The increase is almost 33 per cent over last year and every month of 1916 so far has shown a substantial gain. The increase at the home office general agency of John Newton Russell, Jr., was 30 per cent and at the San Francisco agency of Kilgariff & Beaver, 38 per cent.

Lack of fire insurance is beginning to be felt in South Carolina, where the actions of the state insurance commissioner caused nearly all the companies to withdraw from business. Many merchants are unable to cover their stocks of goods and as a result are swinging around to side with the companies in the controversy with the state insurance authority.

Companies affiliated with the Pacific Coast Automobile Conference have concluded to amend their contracts by eliminating the exclusion against the payment of loss due to striking street or railway road bed, rails or ties, without additional charge. Consequential damages will also be considered as a loss under property damage endorsements, though the endorsement itself reads that property alone is covered.

According to the report of Sheriff Cline's office, 59 stolen automobiles were recovered by that official and his staff in Los Angeles county in May. Twenty of the alleged thieves were arrested and most of them are now awaiting trial before the Superior Court.

Investigation is being made by the arson committee of the Pacific Board of Fire Underwriters regarding the widespread damage from fire at various points in the Imperial valley. Farm property, as well as town buildings, has suffered and the authorities of El Centro and other valley towns are co-operating with the insurance officials in an effort to determine the cause of the frequent fires.

CERTIFICATE OF BUSINESS

State of California, County of Los Angeles, ss.

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are partners transacting business in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, under the firm name and style of Durley & Co., with offices at Room No. 201, in the Union Oil Building, corner of Seventh and Spring streets, in said City of Los Angeles, the former name of such partnership having been Hamilton & Durley and John J. Hamilton having withdrawn therefrom.

That the names in full of all members of this partnership are Ella Hamilton Durley and John H. Durley.

That the places of our respective residences are set opposite our respective names hereto subscribed.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands this 23rd day of May, 1916. Ella Hamilton Durley, residing at 4114 Raymond Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. John H. Durley, residing at 616 South Burlington Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23rd day of May, 1916.

(Seal) A. B. SHAW, Jr. Notary Public, in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California. Filed, May 23, 1916, H. J. Leland, County Clerk.

By C. C. Crippen, Deputy.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif., May 9, 1916.

Non-Coal 028745
Notices is hereby given that William Rogers, whose post-office address is c/o Los Angeles Examiner, Los Angeles, Calif., did, on the 14th day of April, 1916, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 028745, to purchase the NE 1/4 SE 1/4, Section 2, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100, the stone estimated at \$50 and the land \$50; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 25th day of July, 1916, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

JOHN D. ROCHE,
Register.

No withdrawals.

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C ITIZENS NATIONAL BANK
N. W. Cor. Fifth and Spring.

A. J. WATERS, President.
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Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus \$500,000;
Undivided Profits, \$235,441.61.

H IBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK
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GEORGE A. J. HOWARD, Cashier.
Capital, \$325,000.00.
Surplus and Profits, \$35,250.00.

N ATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA
N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring

J. E. FISHBURN, President.
H. S. McKEE, Cashier.
Capital, \$500,000.00; Surplus and
Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

C OMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK
401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth.

W. A. BONYNGE, President.
MALCOME CROWE, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000; Surplus and
Undivided Profits, \$180,000.00.

F IRST NATIONAL BANK
S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring

J. M. ELLIOTT, President.
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus and
Profits, \$2,502,664; Deposits
\$20,000,000.

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—The "William and Mary" set shown here is of solid mahogany—\$393.50—and includes five straight chairs as well as the arm chair.

—Sold in single pieces—the China cabinet, \$67.50; the dining table (54-inch top, extending to 8 ft.), \$85; the buffet, \$97.50; the serving table, \$47.50; five chairs at \$15 each, and one arm chair at \$21.

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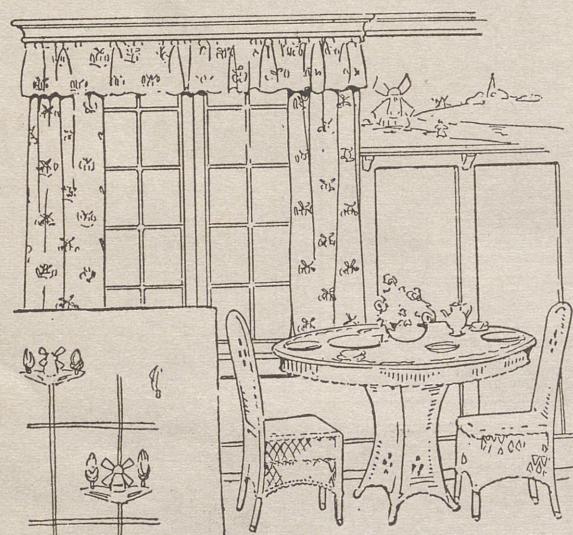
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